



THE
AMERICAN
METROPOLITAN
Magazine

EDITED BY
WILLIAM LONDON



TERMS---Three Dollars per annum, in advance. Two Copies for Five Dollars.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

—Edited by William Landon—Published by Israel Post, 259 Broadway.—The first number of this new candidate for public favor indicates a determination on the part of the editor and publisher to excel all rivals. The whole work is beautiful in all particulars, literary, pictorial, and typographical. One of the finest mezzotints we ever saw is the opening picture, entitled "Miss Langston shielding her Father;" and besides this there are *eight* illustrations of the highest merit. The principal contributors are Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Messrs. Lester, Headley, Hoyt, Brougham, Foster, and Landon. Mrs. Osgood's "Lines from an Unpublished Drama" are the most spirited and eloquent verses we have ever seen even from *her* forcible pen. Miss Sedgwick's "Rural Life" is also capital. Mr. Post comes to this undertaking with a rich fund of experience and abundant capital to carry out all his plans. The editor, also, is a gentleman of taste and education. Take it altogether, "The Metropolitan" bids fair to take the lead among American Magazines.—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer*.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

—The first number of this periodical appeared on the first instant; and, if its successors equal it in style and interest, the work will soon have an extensive circulation and a liberal patronage. It is published by Mr. Israel Post, 259 Broadway, New York, and edited by Mr. William Landon. The present number is embellished with various engravings, and has essays from various writers of distinguished talents. It is a parlor Magazine, and will prove particularly acceptable to the ladies. It may be had we presume at the bookstores of this city.—*Baltimore Courier, Baltimore, Md.*

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

Edited by William Landon. New York: Israel Post.

This new Magazine comes before the public with very high claims, whether we look at the excellence of its literary matter, or the spirit of its illustrations, or the general style of the getting up. Mr. Post, the publisher, is so well-known as a man of taste and energy in conducting such works, that we need only mention his name in this connexion; and he comes to his present task not only with ripe experience, but, as we understand, with the advantage of abundant capital. The contributors and artists engaged are among the best in the country;

and the editor is, we are assured, well qualified for what he undertakes.

The embellishments of this opening number are very fine, especially the mezzotint. There are nine illustrations. The contributions are by Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Child, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Gould, Mrs. Ellett, Miss Browne; Messrs. Hoyt, Brougham, Lester, Headley, Foster, and others of equal note.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

"AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE" is the title of a new Magazine published by Israel Post, and edited by William Landon. It is beautifully printed, and illustrated by two fine mezzotints after original subjects by Matteson, and a spirited wood engraving which forms one of a series illustrative of the Life of Washington, to be written by Mr. Headley. The literary contents are certainly very superior, and if the Magazine retains the position it has assumed, it will not fail to command respect.—*N. Y. Evangelist*.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

—Edited by William Landon—Published by Israel Post, 259 Broadway.

The opening number of "The Metropolitan" comes before the public with claims to notice, which will not suffer in comparison with any work of its class now existing. The paper, typography, illustrations, music, literary and editorial matter, are of the best character, and the general taste with which the work is got up, cannot fail to be appreciated. There are no less than *nine* embellishments, among which we notice one of the most beautiful specimens of mezzotinting we ever saw. It is entitled, "Miss Langston Shielding her Father." The wood engravings are from spirited designs. We are informed that many of the most eminent among our magazine writers are permanently engaged at the highest prices.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

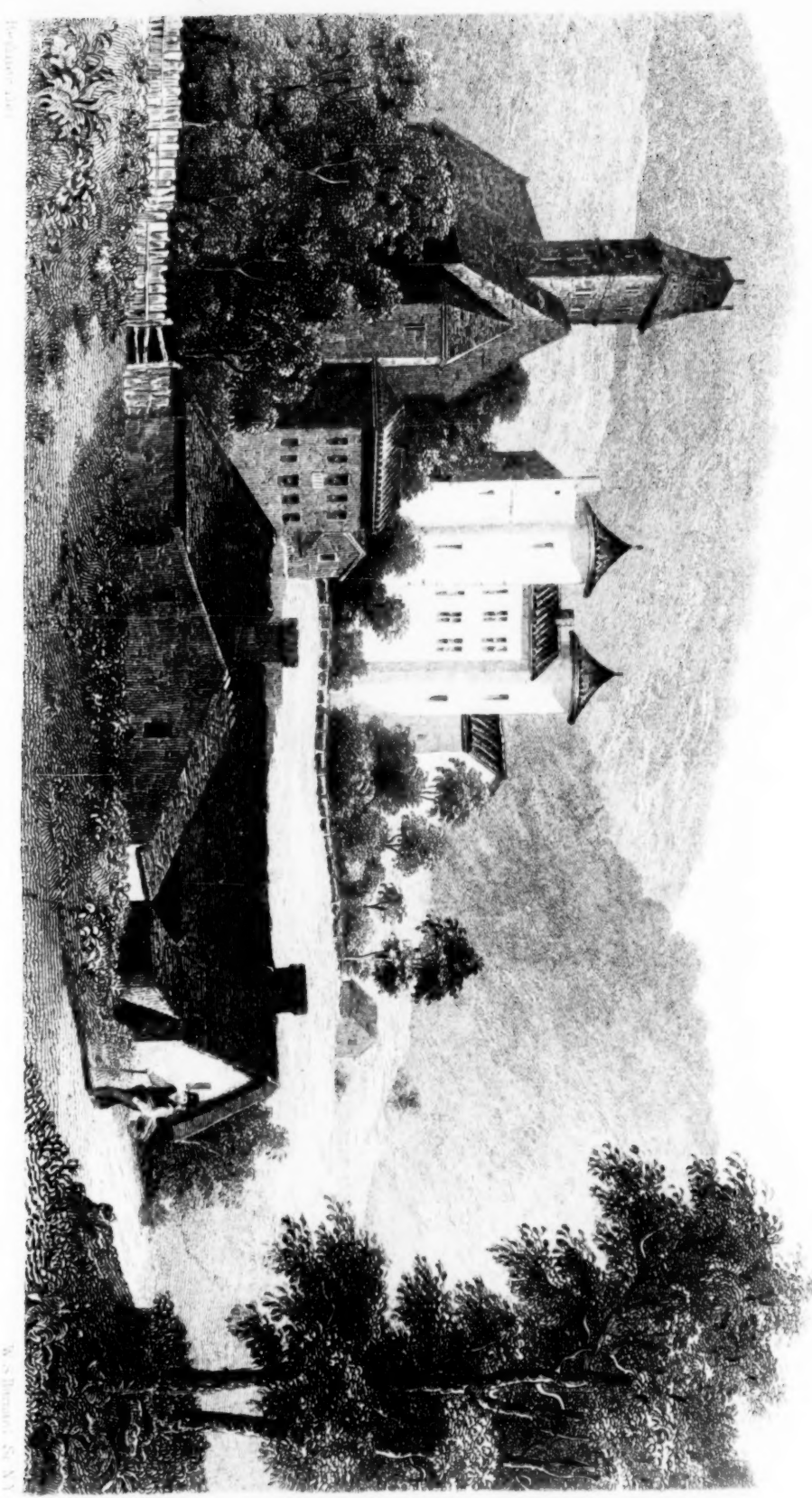
THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN.—This is the title of a new monthly Magazine published in New York, and edited by William Landon, Esq. The first number is before us, and presents a very neat and pleasing appearance. The contents are, and will continue to be, entirely original and American. Among its contributors we note the names of some of the first writers in our country. We commend it to public favor. Terms \$3 per annum, with the usual reductions in favor of clubs.—*Virginia Patriot, Lynchburgh, Va.*

[See 3d page of cover.]





WASHINGTON LEAVING HIS MOTHER TO JOIN THE BRITISH NAVY.



CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, BATH.

W. J. B. 1840.

THE AMERICAN
METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1849.



The Golden Speculation.

THE GOLDEN SPECULATION.

BY JOHN H. MANCUR,

AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR, THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

'Twas early in the month of March, of that celebrated year, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, that the pier at Dover was one afternoon crowded with spectators anxiously awaiting the fate of a fishing craft, endeavoring to make port during a brisk squall. One moment it was seen on the billows' ridge, the next, lost to sight, engulfed in the ocean-trough. The storm, which continued through the day, had done considerable damage to the shipping in the roads; and though its fury was partially spent, the experiment of making the harbor-entrance, escaping the sand-shoals on either side, was deemed extremely hazardous, the peril imminent. The spray which dashed over the pier, half drowned the hardy loiterers who still clung to the rail; but amongst these, were some whose duty, or urgent business, required to be on the spot. The revenue officer kept a sharp look-out, for the craft which excited such intense interest was of French build, possibly, as he surmised, a smuggling concern, driven by hard necessity to seek shelter in face of its legal enemy, the Preventive Force. The merchant, interested in continental trade and intercourse, perhaps clandestine, still held his post regardless of drenched garments—for might not the venturesome sloop be herald of important news, bring letters from mercantile friends at Calais or Dunkirk, conveying intelligence of fall or rise in foreign markets, by which wealth might be made? Dover at the time swarmed with agents of London houses, engaged in the secret exportation of gold, which stood at a high premium on the continent, and the export of which was forbidden by order of council—the peace established the preceding year had not yet opened restrictions originating in the necessities of a warlike period. Among others stood Gotlieb Schenck, of Dutch extraction, whose father had bequeathed his thrifty heir a snug, well established, mercantile business in London. Gotlieb's capacity was narrow, his views bounded, disposition niggardly; but as the business was already made to his hands, and he was moreover a plodding, saving young man, there was every chance of his retaining the father's valuable connections. Mr. Schenck had come to Dover, expressly to place in charge of the captain of the packet

certain packages consigned to friends in Calais, and awaited the boat's return to receive acknowledgment of safe delivery, and orders respecting further operations.

As the little vessel, through the dexterous management of the helmsman, shot into the harbor, having escaped the Scylla and Charybdis of the port, she was received with loud cheering, which was answered by running up her bare mast the Bourbon colors. The revenue officer sprang forward expecting a prize; the others followed to welcome the hardy daring of the crew. Gotlieb, who knew she was some hours in advance of the mail-packet, was speculating whether his Calais friends had availed themselves of the prior opportunity, and strode onward to meet the captain. He started on beholding a passenger emerge from the gangway with portmanteau and boat-cloak. It was a face he recognized, and was undoubtedly associated with uncomfortable reflections, for the worthy Gotlieb immediately commenced a retreat. Second thoughts, however, proved more valorous, and he stopped, turned, and awaited the captain's leisure. Meanwhile the object of his dread essayed to climb the pier-ladder, no easy task, as the vessel danced beneath him, and he made several vain efforts ere he gained firm footing.

"It is Henry Mellish, sure enough," soliloquized Mr. Schenck,—“what can bring him across the channel in a fishing-boat, during a gale like this? Perhaps he brings news which will make his fortune; and if he do—then farewell my hope of Mary Ashley! But I will see—I will learn!”

Mr. Mellish, a genteel young man, about twenty-five, or a year or two more, eyed Schenck more intensely than benignly, and returned his low bow by only a slight, formal nod, without relaxing a muscle. Gotlieb, though repulsed, was bent on a closer acquaintance, but it was necessary he should not lose sight of the captain. Staying one moment only, to inquire of the sailor carrying Mellish's portmanteau, what hotel they were bound to, he ran to the master of the smack, was made happy by having his questions concerning the passenger answered, and the receipt, in addition, of several letters from Calais correspondents, in direct

contravention of the post-office regulations. Returning to the town, he was ushered into the presence of Henry Mellish, just as the custom-house officer, whose suspicions were awakened by the young gentleman's unusual mode of passage, was taking leave, having examined the portmanteau and satisfied his notions of duty.

Gotlieb, as we have said, was of narrow capacity, but, like most merchants of Dutch extraction, saw clearly the path of self-interest, and never deviated from it. He was not altogether destitute of speculative views, and had been heard to pride himself on superior cunning, though, with those who knew him best, the boast gained no credit.

"Mr. Mellish," said he, "I hardly expect we can be friends, yet there is no reason we should be enemies. We may be rivals, honorable rivals. If wealth is on my side, you have other advantages—but come! let us dine together. I long to hear the news of the continent, and perhaps," he added with attempt at a smile, "my home-intelligence may not be unacceptable."

The challenge was frank and open, and sooth to say, there were many matters which Mellish would gladly learn, though much rather through another channel. The invitation was declined, however, as he had ordered horses intending to proceed direct to London. The announcement made Gotlieb still more eager to keep his rival company; he had been informed by the captain of the fishing craft, that Mr. Mellish paid two thousand francs to induce the crew to put to sea, spite of the gale,—no doubt with the view of having some hours' start of the mail. This very liberal offer had created a sensation in Calais; but the precise object of the gentleman's haste, or the character of the news he bore, was known only to himself. He staid but one hour in the French port *en route* from Paris. Mr. Schenck was driven to desperation. Intense love of gain spurred him to master the other's secret, at whatever cost, by whatever means attainable. Love of Mary Ashley, or desire for her wealth, prompted him to thwart a rival beloved by the damsel, though not countenanced by her father. Should young Mellish grow rich, the objections of Mr. Ashley would disappear.

"It is very fortunate I happened to be in Dover," muttered Gotlieb to himself, as he retired from the hotel, after having succeeded in inducing Henry to afford him a seat in the post-chaise, his own business in Dover being already settled.

A crowd was drawn around the door of the hotel, attracted by report of Mellish's hardy feat in crossing the channel, and the two rivals were borne rapidly away by four horses amid the shouts of the populace. As Henry remained

silent the first few miles of the journey, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to acquaint the reader briefly with his history. As confidential clerk to Mr. Ashley, a London merchant, he had gained his esteem, was admitted to his private circle, and won, ere he was himself aware, the affections of the merchant's only daughter, though closely besieged by the attentions of Mr. Schenck. To Mellish the latter was no stranger, as they met often on business matters in the counting-house. Gotlieb's fraction-splitting system of accòmpts, his unwillingness to pay, and frequent disputes concerning charges allowed by commercial usage, rendered him an unpleasant man to do business with. Dislike, mutually engendered by bickerings, changed to hatred when they found themselves rivals. Schenck took occasion to inform Mr. Ashley of his clerk's pretensions. An explanation ensued, which ended in mutual declarations of love and fidelity between the lovers, and in the clerk being instantly delegated to Paris, as assistant to a commercial house of some standing, to which he was warmly recommended by the London merchant, who condescended to inform the young man, that he might ever reckon on him as a friend; that personally he had no objection to him as son-in-law; but that, without some corresponding advantages of wealth and station, an alliance with his family was impossible.

The fair city-belle vowed constancy to Mellish, so Gotlieb sped none the faster for his rival's removal, as the lady's father, though anxious to discourage an intimacy deemed disadvantageous, was not disposed to control his daughter's affections. Correspondence was forbidden; but the lovers found means to make known to each other how affairs progressed, and Mellish learned to his sorrow, that Mr. Schenck grew daily more a favorite with Ashley, who esteemed him a wealthy, quiet, practicable young merchant, though deficient, perhaps, in personal graces and brightness of intellect. Affairs had remained in this state about a year, when Henry Mellish was seen, as we have already detailed, hurrying to London on the wings of expectant good fortune.

Between Dover and Canterbury, Schenck tried every manœuvre, both open and covert, to extract the secret of Henry's rapid journey, but in vain. To entice him from reserve, he spoke of Mary Ashley—described the new villa at Walthamstow, the house-warming at which Mr. Ashley presided to welcome the gentlemen, the subsequent ball at which Mary did the honors—to all which Mellish listened with interest, willing to forget, in the pleasure afforded by the recital, dislike of the ungenerous narrator. It was under the influence of this partially favorable impression, that he accepted complacently Gotlieb's proposal of supping at

Canterbury. There was but little chance of being foiled in procuring horses to prosecute the journey to the metropolis, as couriers, he said, were constantly travelling night and day in the busy political era in which they lived; but the chance of obtaining a meal between Canterbury and London was very slight during the night hours.

At Canterbury, then, they stopped; and whilst supper was preparing, Gotlieb Schenck, who had been pondering and cogitating how to frustrate his rival's hopes, betook himself to a quiet walk in the streets. "Two thousand francs for a few hours' start of the Calais packet!" exclaimed Gotlieb. Mystery and obscurity magnifies objects. Mellish's future fortune was enhanced a hundred-fold in the imagination of this descendant of Dutchmen, though seen only dimly through the perils incurred in attaining it. To risk the channel during such a sea—why even a mail-packet would not put out whilst such weather lasted! The quiet, worthy Gotlieb saw the ruin of his hopes if Mellish succeeded—he should lose Mary—he should lose her father's wealth! He stopped unconsciously in front of a chemist's shop, almost the only place open at that time of night, his eye attracted by the glare within. Whilst gazing at the window, cunning suggested a scheme to ruin the other's budding hopes. Presuming that his rival was about to act on the London markets on the strength of early intelligence of recent political events, if he could but prevent him reaching the metropolis till noon on the morrow, the regular Calais and Dover mail would by that time make the news generally known, and spoil Mellish's plans. How suggestive to the dull intellect of Gotlieb, the glaring chemist's shop! Should he venture in? His scheme was daring, dishonorable, would perhaps make him amenable to law; but then the risk was not great, compared to the contingency of losing the damsel and her wealth! So Gotlieb went in, and having some knowledge of drugs as an article of commerce, purchased a small quantity of narcotic powder, which he knew how to ask for, and by what name, so as to avoid suspicion.

It was, of course, no surprise to Mr. Schenck, when his companion (supper dispatched, followed by a few glasses of wine), after parrying, with the tact of a man of business, further inquiries respecting his mission, suddenly relaxed his cheerful tone, grew drowsy, fell fast asleep. Gotlieb immediately spilled the remainder of the wine in the fire-place, that it might appear his friend had partaken deeply of the beverage, and was about calling for assistance to carry Mellish to bed, when it suddenly occurred he might improve his scheme, and with it, his fortunes. The wine imbibed enhanced courage, inflamed his imagination—'tis but the

first step which costs reflection and conscientious doubt. Why should he not follow up success by peeping into his rival's papers—it would doubtless furnish a hint by which money could be made? Aware of the potency of the powder, he had no fear of the other awaking, and searching carefully and stealthily, found in the pocket-book a letter of instructions from the Paris house to Mr. Ashley, recommending, if the bearer, Mr. Mellish, reached London in due season, to make extensive stock-jobbing operations for time, on strength of the news therein set forth, and vouched for as accurate—the profits to be equally shared between the two houses and Mr. Mellish, who had shown great eagerness to be bearer of the news, and promised to embark within one hour of arrival at Calais, and even, as he asserted in his zeal, cross the channel alone, if no one were found hardy enough to venture with him.

"Yes!" said Gotlieb, carefully replacing the letter, "Mary Ashley is cause of the 'great eagerness,' as she has been cause of my being engaged in this rather dirty work—but is it not all fair? I was her suitor, before our young spark ever dared address her, and he would have cut me out—but it is all right now!"

Waiters were summoned, to whom it was explained by Schenck, that his friend, having already imbibed too much wine at Dover, had unfortunately persisted in finishing the carouse, till he was in unfit state to travel further, and must therefore remain till the morrow at the inn. Gotlieb assisted in carrying up stairs, undressing, and depositing in bed, the supposed inebriated sufferer, and to do away with possible chance of suspicion, sealed up Mellish's purse and pocket-book in envelope, which he committed to the landlord's charge, at same time writing a short note to be delivered to his friend next morning, when he awoke to consciousness and sobriety. A few minutes after, Gotlieb was rattling on towards London with fresh horses, and in Mellish's post-chaise, gloating over his intended golden speculation.

Such occurrences, as the one just witnessed by the landlord, were not unfrequent, particularly among naval officers long absent on foreign stations, too much disposed to excesses off duty. But the rapidity of Mellish's defeat and prostration excited some laughter and conversation in the little bar-parlour, and it was deemed prudent by landlord and landlady, to pay a visit to their guest, ere they retired to rest.

A deathlike pallor overspread the face of Mellish—he looked more like one in a trance, than a man subdued by vinous influence. The landlord in alarm sent for a surgeon, who pronounced the patient certainly not intoxicated,

though suffering from the effects, perhaps, of too powerful a dose of medicine—perhaps even more dangerous potation. By application of proper restoratives, Henry was at length restored to consciousness, and surprised at beholding strange faces round his pillow, started up in alarm—

“Am I in Mr. Ashley’s house,” he exclaimed wildly, “has he had the letter?”

The surgeon recommended repose, but Mellish was too excited to pay attention to the request, and insisted on an immediate explanation—where he was—in whose house—and how he came under the surgeon’s hands. When satisfied on these points by the landlord, conviction of Schenck’s villany immediately flashed on his mind—he tore open the envelope, found the documents, though disarranged, safe—but then the time which had elapsed—his secret known to another, an enemy—ignorant what uses would be made of the discovery—he could have cried through sheer vexation in being so duped! Thank heaven! it was only two o’clock, and by desperate exertions he might yet reach London by business-hours! Briefly explaining that he was bearer of important mercantile intelligence, which rendered instantly proceeding to London imperative, more especially as it was very apparent he suffered from underhand practices of a false friend, who had by such means mastered his secret, and stole away with the post-chaise, to a seat in which he had through kindness invited him, he requested as a favor that the landlord would procure a fresh chaise and horses, that he might start in pursuit. Our host sympathizing with his distress, used his best exertions, and Mellish, though enfeebled, was again on the high-road to London, very grateful for the considerate attention which induced the landlord and his wife to intrude into his chamber.

“If this rascal, Schenck,” thought Henry, “be content to make use of the news for his own private gain, our purpose may yet be served—but if he blazes it about, all is lost, and I am ruined for ever!”

The clock had struck ten, when Mellish hurriedly entered the counting-house of Mr. Ashley, having dismissed the chaise at the end of the street to avoid publicity. The merchant was surprised, rather disagreeably so, on beholding his quondam clerk; but the latter had no time for explanation, and was content to place the letter of instructions in his hands. Ashley changed color, as he said—

“This may prove a rare hit, Henry, but the French mail must be already in town!”

“Cannot, before noon, sir,” replied Mellish, “if the packet sailed at turn of tide—perhaps not then, unless the squall abated.”

Ashley retired to his desk, spent five minutes in deliberation, and then putting his arm within

Mellish’s, the twain walked to St. Bartholomew’s lane, and passing up a broad, paved alley, pushed open a pair of revolving doors, and stood within the crowded Stock-Exchange. Above the wide forest of heads, close to the door, was perched a man in a pulpit. Ashley approached the pulpit, and whispered two words.

“Hen-ry Jenkins!” exclaimed the man in a wonderfully loud, yet clear, distinct, unstrained, Lablache-like tone, which vibrated over the sea of heads to the uttermost walls, and was heard everywhere, spite of the commingling din of Babel. After the lapse of a few seconds, Henry Jenkins, the broker, emerged from the crowd, and listened to Mr. Ashley’s communication. He begged hard to know the nature of the intelligence which his client acted on, as he felt inclined, he said, in such cases, to operate for himself as well as for his friends. Ashley demurred, declared he forfeited trust by imparting the secret.

“I should not have pressed you so closely,” remarked the broker, “but would at once have sold extensively on your account and mine, trusting to your well-known sagacity, but it is very strange, there have been large buyers this morning, which makes me doubt the solidity of your proposed operation.”

Hearing this, Ashley who ever acted decisively, withdrew with the broker, and showed him the correspondence.

“Many thanks! quite satisfied—much obliged for this good turn;” exclaimed Mr. Jenkins, hurrying back to the Exchange, “will call on you after I have sold the whole amount.” So saying, he ran back, as quickly as his legs could carry him.

Let us now return to Gotlieb, who sped quickly through the night, like a thief, exulting in the success of a dishonorable action. It is true, he had misgivings, that his character would suffer severely, particularly with Mr. Ashley, who, though enterprising, and far above suspicion himself, would not countenance dereliction from the right path in others,—but then the many thousands he should make to-morrow! At the least, he calculated to increase his capital tenfold—and affluence covers such a multitude of sins! Even should he stand no better with Mary Ashley and her father, a dangerous rival was removed, for when Henry Mellish woke to a late breakfast at Canterbury, the French mail would be midway between that city and London—his golden hopes frustrated, himself reduced to destitution by his exasperated principals. One thought had Gotlieb to make Mr. Ashley partner and confidant of his speculation, but even his obtuse intellect perceived it could not be effected without confessing his own dishonor.

Ere the Exchange opened, Mr. Schenck flew

to his broker, and requested him to buy stock on time-bargain to an enormous extent. As he was known to be wealthy, fully capable of paying the difference, should the markets turn against him by next settling-day, the broker did not hesitate, and as is often the case in such circumstances, where it is believed the party acts on prior intelligence, operated largely for himself. Schenck's broker, after awhile, found the stock easy to be procured, even a shade or so lower than the opening price. Soon after eleven o'clock—before the French mail had arrived, or, at least, its contents made known, the great autocrat of the money market, from his den in New-Court, St. Swithins, came sailing majestically into the market, selling right and left, knocking down the price an eighth per cent. every hundred thousand he contracted to deliver. Schenck's broker flew in great alarm to his principal, demanded to know on what grounds he acted, as he had himself committed his own means to a very great extent—and the leviathan, whose intelligence was seldom incorrect, was acting precisely contrary to their tactics—he was selling, whilst they were buying. "It is this," faltered out Gotlieb, "*Napoleon has escaped from Elba, and landed in the south of France.*"

"Good Heavens, sir!" exclaimed the frantic broker, "are you an idiot? Will not such an event throw all Europe into convulsions, knock down the prices of everything except gunpowder and steel! I am ruined, sir! Why did you not confide the news to me?"

Schenck was stupified, could make no reply, felt his knees tremble beneath him, and at length found tongue to implore the broker to do the best he could to get him out of the scrape. The maddened stock-broker, scarcely deigning to listen, flung himself away, and rushing back to the market, commenced selling as fast as he could find buyers, indifferent to the continually falling price. But the warlike news soon was made public, and the market

fell with fearful rapidity. The result of that day's transactions was a heavy loss to Schenck's broker—a much heavier loss to his principal. Gotlieb, on settling-day, parted with three-fourths of his capital, was but too happy that his agent had prevented the humiliation of his being declared a defaulter, by commencing so actively counter-operations, reducing the sum of the difference within compass of his means.

Mr. Ashley and his friends, at Paris, were made happy by the success of their speculation—a third of the profits, a very handsome fortune, was willingly conceded Henry Mellish, who nobly won it by his intrepid passage of the channel. That he had nearly risked success and his own reputation, through encountering the unprincipled Gotlieb, he frankly confided to Mr. Ashley—the story was confirmed, if confirmation were indeed needed, by the extent of Schenck's losses, obliging an immediate sale of all disposable merchandise. The disaster preyed so heavily on his mind, that he fell sick, made a voyage to Holland, without even taking leave of Mr. Ashley or his daughter, neither of whom he dared encounter. Henry was invited to make the villa at Walthamstow a home during his stay in England—he found the time pass so delightfully that he wrote to Paris, requesting further leave of absence, which could not be refused. But when the period of departure arrived, he could not tear himself away from Mary Ashley, explained the state of his affections to her father, was made happy by the assurance, that if she were agreeable, he might have Mary for partner of his home—Mr. Ashley for partner in commercial enterprise; so the return to Paris was abandoned, and Miss Ashley became Mrs. Mellish, whilst the fate of Gotlieb was commented on as a signal warning to himself and others, that "honesty is the best policy;" and that it is essential to know the difference betwixt buying and selling, in making a *golden speculation*.

THE LOST ROSE.

BY HENRY J. BRADFIELD.

I.

Julia, why art thou so sad?
For one lost flower wherefore seek?
Not one amid a thousand flowers,
Could match the rose upon thy cheek.

II.

Yet flowers are emblems of the love
Which oftentimes is thrown away;
When the affections cease to prove
A heart which wandereth astray.

III.

Thy gentle hand that flower did cherish,
Thou didst forget it, and it fell
Upon the silent earth, to perish
Beneath *thy* footsteps—who may tell?

IV.

Away with metaphor—nor grieve,
Let not *one* lost flower distress thee;
Many would give a world of flowers,
Upon my honor—to possess thee.

MRS. RICHARDSON AND THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

(See the Engraving.)

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"ON one occasion some of the officers displayed, in the sight of Mrs. Richardson, their swords reeking with blood—probably that of her cattle—and told her it was the blood of Captain Richardson, whom they had killed." *Women of the American Revolution*. Vol. I., p. 269.—This appears to be the point seized upon by the artist in the illustration. The principal female figure in the high-backed chair, represents the matron whose enemies are the inmates of her house; and her look of anguish and horror shows that, for the moment, she believes the frightful tale true, and that her husband has at length fallen a victim to their cruel malice. The children clinging to her in terror, the deprecating look of the old dame just behind, and the half incredulous and indignant expression of the aged man by her side, are natural features in the scene. The unmitigated ferocity in the countenance of the British officer who holds out to her view the dripping sword, is admirably depicted; as are the others behind him. The whole scene brings vividly before us the sufferings and spirit of the period: the violence of political animosity and the cruelty of military policy—on the one side; and the firmness, self-sacrifice, and constancy, of the oppressed and persecuted—on the other.

The story of Dorcas Richardson is not only interesting in itself—but as exhibiting the dangers and trials of many, in those dark days of terror and bloodshed. It was a common thing, then, for the enemy to quarter themselves in the houses of patriots, who were absent with the continental army, while their wives and families were left unprotected; and sometimes inhuman outrages were committed, with the permission, and occasionally by the command, of the officers, who thought the cause of "His Majesty" aided by such proceedings. The anecdotes preserved of Mrs. Richardson illustrate what others endured. In her case, the suffering proceeded not only from the harsh treatment of the British—who, while they lived in luxurious abundance in her house, and upon her plantation, restricted her and

her children to a scanty allowance of the provisions furnished from her own stores—but from anxiety concerning her husband. He had escaped from his captors, and in his place of shelter in the swamp, depended for subsistence on the food sent by his wife from the small stock allowed to her. She knew him to be hunted diligently by the enemy, they having offered rewards for his apprehension, and sent scouts in every direction to find some clue to his hiding-place; and the state of suspense in which she lived from day to day may be imagined in consequence. The unfeeling boasts of the officers, that they would soon capture the rebel and put him to death, or the intelligence they brought from time to time, that he had been killed, or taken and hanged, had power to agitate and distress her, even when she saw they spoke but in savage mockery of her feelings. It is not necessary here to repeat the tale of their various barbarities, of her husband's narrow escapes—and her patience, heroism, and energy. Her name must be honored as long as the chivalry of the Revolutionary heroes of Carolina is remembered.

While dwelling on the sufferings and fortitude of the matrons of our country's infancy—perhaps the reader may be interested in a review of a narrative from the pen of Mrs. Ann Eliza Bleecker, herself a heroine of Revolutionary days. The history relates to the troubles of an earlier period, and is said by Mrs. Bleecker, in a letter to a friend, to be "altogether fact"—communicated to her by a near kinswoman of "Maria Kittle"—the subject of the record. Mrs. Kittle, was a neighbor of the poetess, to whom the account was given just before her death. It was afterwards sent in a letter, to Miss Ten Eyck, with the design of "giving you some idea of savage cruelty, and justifying our fears in your opinion." The story indeed resembles too closely in its details many occurrences of the war of the Revolution—to permit a doubt that the picture so vividly drawn, is painted in the colors of truth.

Maria Kittle—so runs the history—was born in 1721—her parents living on a farm upon the

banks of the Hudson, eighteen miles above Albany. She married Mr. Kittle when only fifteen, and took up her residence on his farm, where the family lived tranquilly many years, till after the breaking out of the French and Indian war. The savages, who had formerly been on friendly terms with the country people, now began to harass the English frontiers, and to make hostile incursions upon the villages. Mrs. Kittle, with her husband and his brothers, whom he had invited to take up their abode with him for the time—received intelligence of their approach, and were packing up household articles preparatory to flight, when they were accosted by several Indians who seemed friendly. These assured them of safety—promised to warn them against danger, and presented them with a belt adorned with silk and beads, as a token of amity and protection. Fearing to offend them, by any appearance of distrust, the family delayed their departure to Albany; and at an early hour the next morning, Mr. Kittle and his brother Peter went out on a hunting expedition.

While they wandered along the banks of the river, not having seen any game for some hours, the brother fired at and killed a doe. Two savages, directed by the report, ran towards them with a loud yell, and discharged their weapons. Peter was instantly killed; but Mr. Kittle, after shooting one of his murderers, grappled with the other, wrested his firelock from him, and felled him to the ground. Then placing his brother's body on his horse, he took his melancholy way homeward. Having informed his wife of what had happened and the treachery of the savages, he ordered a horse to be saddled, intending to go to the neighboring village of Schochticook for wagons and a guard to secure their retreat. Promising to return in an hour, he departed; Maria had the doors immediately closed and barred—the family being assembled in the hall. Suddenly a noise of hurrying steps without, and furious yells, announced the arrival of the Indians. The domestics had collected in a kitchen separate from the house, and on hearing the noise saved themselves by flight. The children clung to their mother, while the yelling continued, and the enemy, with thundering knocks at the door, demanded instant admittance. There was no way of escape; the door offered slight resistance to their efforts to break it down; and probably hoping by submission to propitiate them, and obtain mercy, the brother of Mr. Kittle unbarred the door. He was instantly rewarded by a bullet in his breast, and fell backward in the agonies of death; while the rest, recoiling at the dreadful spectacle, retreated to a corner—and the savages, rushing in, proceeded to further atrocities. They killed the brother's wife, who had sunk faint-

ing on a chair, and tore the scalps from the mangled bodies. Maria clasping her children in her arms, with hopeless prayers to Heaven for succor, awaited in her turn the fatal stroke. One of the painted monsters advanced towards her; and through his shells and feathers she recognized the Indian who had given her the belt, and so solemnly promised his protection. She did not dare to remind him of the promise; but he seemed to guess her thoughts; and assuring her that her life was safe, and she should dance with the savages around the fires in Canada—told her she must part with the infant, which would be an incumbrance to her upon the journey. The terrified cries, the frantic entreaties of the unfortunate mother availed nothing; her babe was torn from her arms, and murdered in her presence; and while she abandoned herself to agonies of grief, the savages were occupied in plundering the house. They then compelled her and her remaining brother to follow them—having set fire to the house. The mother was dragged away a captive, while her little girl, the only remaining child, who had concealed herself in a closet in the house, perished in the flames. By their lurid glare, the wretched captives were led on through wild forests and almost impenetrable swamps, across the Tomhanick and the Hosack, and through deserted settlements, from which the inhabitants had fled at the approach of the Indians.

Before reaching the village whither he was going, Mr. Kittle saw the southern horizon illuminated by the flames; but had no suspicions, being accustomed to see the woods set on fire, for the purpose of clearing out the underwood, and proceeded to his destination. He was unable to procure what he wished before dawn; but having then obtained two wagons and a guard of three Indians, he set off immediately. The first sight of the scene of desolation, where his home had been, showed too plainly what had taken place; and wandering among the ruins, he became convinced that all had perished together. Our authoress describes in graphic language the anguish he endured, and the blank horror of the scene. The party returned presently to Schochticook, bearing with them the insensible form of the bereaved husband; for an attack being apprehended from the Indians, it was necessary that the inhabitants of the village should be put upon their guard.

Six weeks elapsed before Mr. Kittle rose from a sick bed, the shadow of his former self, and living but in the hope of avenging his great wrongs. He entered the British service as a volunteer, and signalized himself by many acts of intrepidity.

Meanwhile the hapless wife and childless mother went through all the varieties of trial

experienced afterwards by so many captives. Her brother persuaded her to eat when they stopped for refreshment, by reminding her that her husband still lived, and it was her duty to preserve life for his sake. They passed through scenes of conflagration—the savages firing every cottage in their way, and the dry fields of grain forming a burning path for the destroyers. The lives of the prisoners trembled on a hair, for the Indians, who never suffered their prisoners to be retaken, were ready to kill them on the least suspicion of an attempt at rescue. A little below Fort Edward, they crossed the river in a canoe left hid among the bushes; and after a short interval, again entered the woods. At night, the forest rang with the cries of wild beasts, and the screaming of owls; depression at the gloom that surrounded her, her fears of the wolves, and the fierce looks of her more savage companions, almost overpowered the captive's remaining strength. Her brother Henry, prepared for her a booth of pine branches, in the shelter of which she was enabled to rest, and the journey was continued the next morning. At Lake Champlain they were ordered to exchange their torn garments for the remnants of old blankets. A curious description is given by the authoress, of the behavior of the superstitious Indians, at the appearance of a meteor, and the slight shock of an earthquake. The next day, having painted their prisoners, the savages crossed the lake in two canoes which were brought over for that purpose; and proceeded on their way—coming at length, by short stages, to an Indian settlement. Here the weary captives experienced the usual treatment; it being customary for the villagers, particularly the women, to avenge on defenceless prisoners the death of their relatives in battle. Their bruises, from the blows and pelting received by the mourners, were relieved afterwards by the juices of aromatic plants.

But the varied distresses endured by the prisoners in their tedious journey need not be recapitulated. They at length reached Montreal, where the savages, joined by several scalping parties of their tribe, painted themselves over and made a sort of triumphal entry in hideous pomp. The captives were conducted to the Governor's house; and the Indians, having been admitted to a long conference, at length left them in his presence.

Henry related the story of their misfortunes, to which the Governor listened with interest, and having presented them with stuffs for clothing, sent them away with a guard, who was directed to provide them with proper lodgings. Maria was placed with a compassionate English woman, who attended her with great kindness through a severe illness, refusing to accept in compensation the articles sent the

prisoner by some of the ladies of Montreal. When Maria was sufficiently recovered to receive company, she was visited by several ladies, among whom she was astonished to recognize one of her neighbors and friends. She, too, had been led away captive, having witnessed the destruction of her home: and had found kindness and sympathy in a strange land. The story of another female was added, who had also proved the "tender mercies" of the savage allies of France and Britain.

For two years, says the narrative, the bounty and friendship of the French ladies continued to Mrs. Kittle while she could gain no intelligence of her husband. At last came the meeting of those fate had long so cruelly divided. Mr. Kittle, although persuaded of the death of his wife, trusted that his brother Henry lived, and had obtained permission to accompany some enfranchised prisoners to Quebec, in search of him. Stopping on his way at Montreal, he had been introduced to the general officer, and there by a fortunate accident met his brother, while walking in the street. The joy of this unexpected recognition was speedily followed by the greater happiness of finding his long lost wife.

Such is an abstract of this touching narrative, which the eloquent pen of Mrs. Bleecker has given with many graces of description. Familiar with incidents like these, and encompassed with perils, it is not to be wondered at that her fears were continually alive, and that her poetry should be tinged with a sombre coloring when she wrote on the condition of her country. She says, in one of her letters, "Our spouses are gone again, this morning to Ballstown—six miles to the west of this—where the Indians burnt several houses last night, and carried off a number of prisoners. To add to our apprehensions, thirty suspected Indians have come among us, under pretence of hunting, and neither threats nor good words can prevail on them to quit us. The woods are likewise infested with Tories, forty having been discovered in one company." And the next day—"Since I wrote the above, our panic-stricken neighborhood left their effects and fled several miles; but becoming a little more assured, we are returned. All the whig families are convened in my house; but not a man among us, except my old negro Merkee, who keeps the horses in readiness for us." In October, 1779, while Mr. Bleecker was gone to Fort Edward, she and her sister are obliged to shut themselves in the house, the woods being infested by wolves and bears, that growled in their very courtyard. The young lady, however, consoled herself with the expectation of attending the weekly balls at Albany, with an escort of military gentlemen; although Mrs. Bleecker thinks her ill-prepared for such scenes, being "in the thirty-

third page of Homer's *Odyssey*, which will utterly disqualify her for such idle company; and, I expect, send her to the loom with *Penelope*." Somewhat different would be the pastime of immured ladies in modern days!

The capture of her husband by tories in August, 1781, brought her distress to its utmost height; but happily, this season of darkness and horror was a brief one. On his way home from harvest with a load of wheat, accompanied by two servants, he was attacked by six men, who, starting from the bushes, presented their bayonets at his breast, calling upon him to surrender. They then took the prisoners further into the wood, where they pinioned Mr. Bleecker; a Hessian leading him by the rope, while another held a tomahawk, ready to despatch him if pursued. He only begged that the negro, Merkee, might be permitted to return, and inform his wife what had become of him; but the request was refused.—After a rapid and fatiguing march, they encamped towards day in a deep swamp, where the soldiers produced an order from General St. Ledger to take Mr. Bleecker and bring him to Canada. They had watched for him for four days, but, growing impatient, had resolved on storming his house that very night, being determined, in case of resistance, to sacrifice the whole family. The party consisted, besides the Hessian, of British and tories, of whom two more afterwards joined them. For three nights their march continued through dreary woods—the days being passed in sleep; when the earnest entreaties of their prisoner prevailed on them to permit the boy to return with a letter for Mrs. Bleecker.

The arrival of the fourth evening, they having passed the last habitation on this side of the Green Mountains, brought only despair of relief; but the captive's hopes were suddenly raised by seeing "three yankees" a little way off. One of them advancing, bade the party surrender, and mistaking Bleecker for the commander, levelled his piece at him; when the tories, seeing a large party coming up, grounded their arms at once. They all proceeded to Bennington, whence the liberated prisoner hastened to Albany and found his wife, who had fled from home with a broken heart at his loss. She had dispatched a servant in search of him, late in the afternoon of his capture, who returned with the sorrowful account, that he could see nothing of his master or the two men, and that the wagon and horses were in the road, the latter tied to a tree. It was then too evident what had been his fate; for his wife well knew that parties from Canada had been skulking in the woods, for the purpose of carrying off the most active citizens. The neighbors were immediately alarmed, and the woods searched, but no trace

discovered; and the unhappy wife, abandoning herself to hopeless grief, set off immediately for Albany. The shock of joy at his unexpected restoration was too much for her enfeebled frame; and a severe illness ensued, which laid the foundation of a fatal decline.

No slight sorrows had thus weakened the energies and broken the spirits of this lovely and gifted woman. When the news of Burgoyne's approach first brought terror into the peaceful retirement of their home at Towhanick, and she fled with her children, first to Stony Arabia, and then to Albany, whence they set off to go down the river, her little daughter, Abella, was the first victim. She was taken so ill that the family was obliged to go on shore, where the child died, and, as the mother writes—"We had one of my mahogany dining-tables cut up to make her coffin, and buried the little angel on the bank." Her mother died soon after her arrival at Red Hook; and the death of her sister, Mrs. Swits, completed the circle of woes which finally undermined her health.

Notwithstanding the trials that marked the life of Mrs. Bleecker, many of her letters are written in a lively strain, for the entertainment of her friends, probably, rather than for the expression of her own feelings. The journal for Miss Ten Eyck, playfully describing how the young lady passed the day on which her sister's third unanswered letter in folio was handed to her, is a *jeu-d'esprit*. Yet her memory often recurs to past griefs, and she feels a mournful pleasure in dwelling on them. Her poems have been elsewhere noticed.

Mrs. Bleecker is one of the few Revolutionary women whose fame has travelled across the Atlantic. A London critic recently mentions her writings, which he remembers having noticed thirty years ago. Perhaps the colors embroidered by the hands of Mrs. Barnard Elliott, of Charleston, presented after the battle of Fort Moultrie, and afterwards taken as a trophy to England, may have been there associated, too, with the name of the fair donor. A southern correspondent thinks the following tribute to the American standard, which was circulated in London, during the war, had reference to these colors, which were deposited in the Tower; though we cannot be certain that such was the fact. In any case, it is worth insertion as a curious piece of antiquity:

"The colors of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with this motto, 'Don't tread on me.' It is a rule in heraldry, that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest borne shall be considered, while the base ones cannot be intended. The ancients accounted a snake or serpent an emblem of wisdom, and in certain attitudes, of endless duration. The rattle-

snake is properly a representation of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness that of any other animal. She has no eyelids, and therefore is an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor ever surrenders. She is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, or in danger of being injured, she never wounds till she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows so much generosity. When undisturbed and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind—they are latent, in the roof of her mouth; and even when extended for her

defence, appear to those unacquainted with her, to be weak and contemptible; yet, her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. Her tongue is blue and forked as the lightning. She is solitary, and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for means of digesting her food and certain destruction to her enemies. The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction, resembles America. Those who look steadily on her are delighted, involuntarily advance towards her, and, having once approached, never leave her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth and in age."

THE GROUND SWELL.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

Though the moon in silver silence,
Floods the highlands and the islands
With a peace that cannot jar,
On the gates of Narragansett,
Storm-advanced to the onset,
Plunge the billows from afar.

Heavily the long swell rages
On the ledges, and the sedges
Scattered, strow the foamy beach;
Many a garden fair it crosses
Of bright mosses, which it tosses
Up to human eye and reach.

Many a beauty have the waters
Pluck'd and brought us, aye and taught us
Of a wealth we never knew,
That in granite earthquake-chasm'd,
Deep embosomed, sweetly blossomed
To the dark concealing blue;

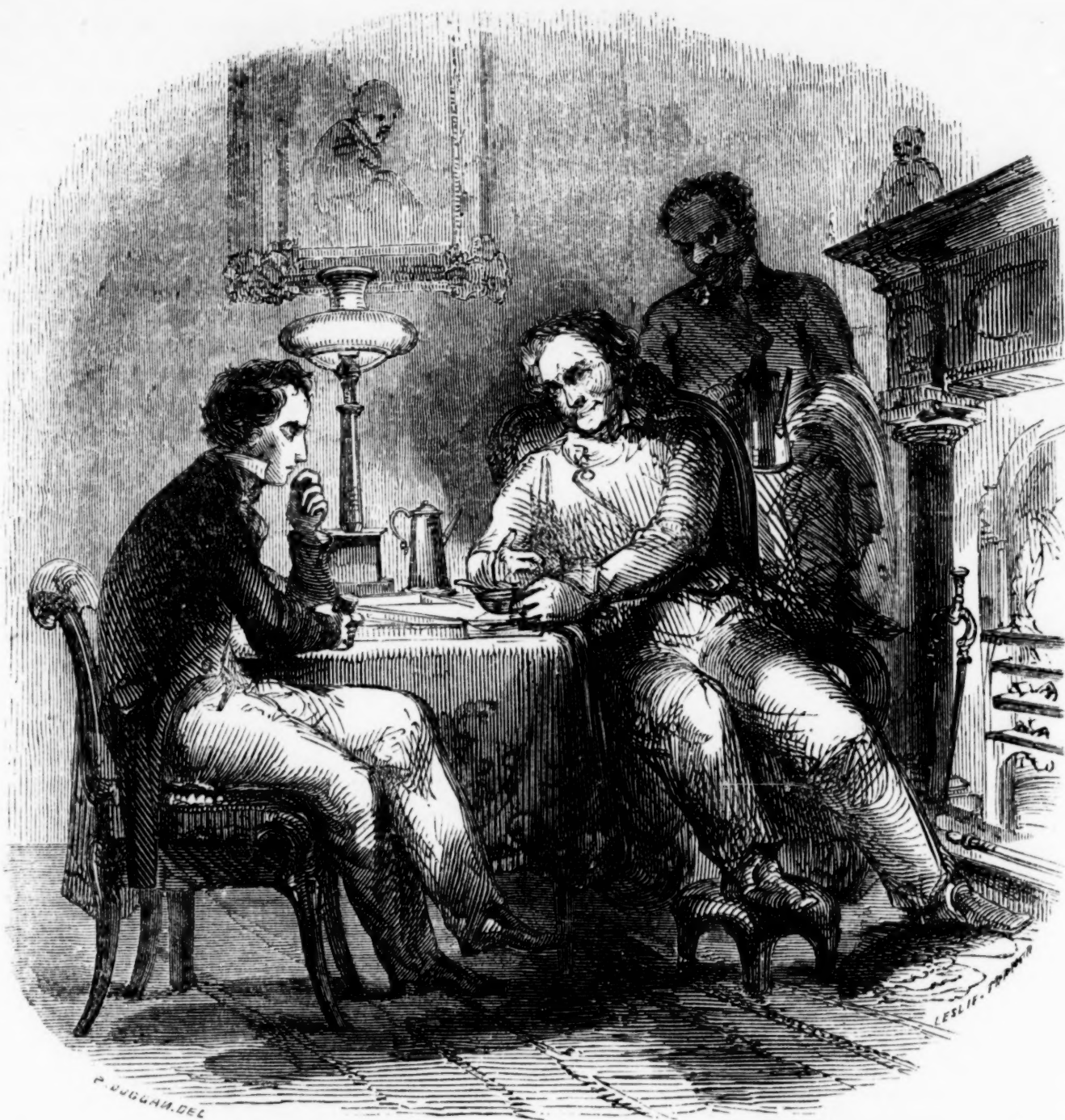
Till an unseen tempest, urging
The wild surging by the scourging
Of its wind-lash, cast them here,
To make glad, and blest moreover,
Beauty's lover, though they suffer
Martyr-pangs to give him cheer.

When a heart or spirit queenly
Most serenely foldeth inly
The white calm of holy thought,
Little are our souls aware of
Any jar of storms afar off,
From whose tramp are throbbings caught.

O, divine deeds, in the fitness
Of completeness, pour their sweetness
Round our gladdened souls' career;
And we bless the new revealing,
Never feeling the long reeling
Of the pangs that bore it here.

Deepest thoughts of love's devotion
Heave like ocean, with a motion
Grand from pulsings of a storm;
All the thrills which Poets lend us,
All the splendors valor renders,
With heart's agony are warm.

Finest feelings which we cherish
Nor let perish, farthest flourish
From the taint of vulgar reach;
And the woes that ruin past them
As to blast them, only cast them
Forth like sea-flowers on the beech.



THE OLD LOVE, AND THE NEW;
Or, the Sequel to a Bachelor's Vow.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief!"—*Othello*.

A SNUG bachelor's domicile was the neat two story dwelling, No. —, Hudson St., and there, in all the enjoyment (?) of single blessedness, dwelt Jonathan Everleigh, Esq., a hale, hearty bachelor, on the shady side of forty. With him lived his nephew Walter Lincoln, and a faithful old African rejoicing in the name of Tunis, as black and shining as Day and Martin's best, and who, in his own individual capacity, constituted the factotum of the establishment—namely, cook, scullion, chamber-maid, and waiter—for Mr. Everleigh never employed any

of the "woman-kind" about his stronghold of Bachelor-dom; even his clothes were regularly forwarded to his washerwoman by the milkman, as he passed her door every Monday morning, and as regularly returned on Saturday, by the same conveyance. Indeed, the "oldest inhabitant" could not remember of ever seeing a female either ascend the nicely swept steps to the front door, or descend into the basement below. There was, to be sure, one poor old decrepit woman, who for a time spread her unseemly garments upon the flag-

ging in front; but even she, soon deputized a dirty little urchin all "tattered and torn," to receive her daily dole from the well-spread table of the bachelor.

Yet, notwithstanding this more than Monkbarns exclusion of the softer sex, Mr. Everleigh was by no means of the *genus* morose and crabbed—attributes supposed to belong to the bachelor class of bipeds—but on the contrary, was of a cheerful, generous nature, rejoicing in the happiness and prosperity of others, which he was ever ready to promote as far as he was able. He was not, however, a wealthy man in the worldly acceptance of the term, but had enough for all his own wants, and to spare, if need required, for the wants of a friend.

To his nephew he was fondly attached, deeming no expense too great for his education. Young Lincoln graduated with honor from Columbia College, and Mr. Everleigh, averse to his studying a profession, had then admitted him as a partner in the house of Everleigh & Co.

"Well, Walter," he would often say, "when we have made a little more money, we will wind up business and enjoy ourselves—yes, yes, my boy, we will see a little more of the world, and not spend all our days cramped within the walls of this modern Babel! I am rich enough for both of us; and thank God Walter, when we travel forth, we shall neither of us be encumbered with a *woman*!"

Now, our bachelor reckoned a little too confidently upon this latter point; for during all these conversations with his uncle, Walter had very pleasing visions of a pair of soft blue eyes, which somehow or other, whenever this journey was spoken of, seemed to be fixed upon him with such a sweet confiding look—nay, he almost felt as it were, the pressure of a dear little head upon his shoulder, and saw, or fancied he saw, long ringlets of the most beautiful golden hair floating around him.

But he took very good care not to reveal these visions to his uncle!

After business hours, Mr. Everleigh and Walter regularly walked home together, where the skill of Tunis had meanwhile prepared the only meal in which Mr. Everleigh indulged, save breakfast—for at such a woman's fol-de-rol drink as *tea*, the bachelor turned up his nose, although he greatly relished the cup of excellent coffee which Tunis was wont to bring him after dinner, when throwing off his boots and assuming his dressing-gown and slippers, he yielded himself to the indulgence of a hit of back-gammon, or a game of all-fours with his nephew.

Assuming the privilege of an old servant, Tunis usually stood by upon these occasions, marking the progress of the game with much

apparent interest, and displaying his shining rows of ivory to great advantage. Sometimes he would break out with—

"*Hi*—Massa Everleigh take care—young Massa he get ebery ting!" or, "*Golly* Massa Walter, you not get off dis time—hi—dere go de Jack!"

Sometimes Walter would venture to express his surprise, that one so fond of domestic life as his uncle appeared to be, should have omitted that choicest blessing—a wife; but such a remark never failed to draw down, not only a shower of invectives upon the sex, but also to put Mr. Everleigh into such an exceeding bad humor, that Walter was always glad to withdraw from the scene. Fond of reading, the centre-table was always well supplied with the new publications, and files of daily papers—they also dipped a little into politics, always however espousing different sides for the sake of the argument.

Thus it will be seen, that for a season our two friends lived very cosy and comfortable—but it will also be seen that such happy times could not last. Pity they should. For we should like to know, in the name of woman-kind, whom he so much affected to despise—what a bachelor like Mr. Everleigh has to do with comfort!

Walter began gradually to estrange himself from these family *tête-à-têtes*, and after allowing himself to be handsomely beaten by his uncle at his favorite games, would plead some trifling errand, or engagement, to absent himself, leaving his respected relative to wile off the hours alone. These absences grew more and more frequent, still Mr. Everleigh contented himself with remarking: "You were out late last night, Walter;" or, "I waited until ten for you, boy!" to which Walter would answer hurriedly and in much confusion, that he was very sorry, but had a particular engagement, or was unavoidably detained—while Tunis, chuckling and grinning as he descended into the obscure regions of the kitchen, would remark for his own especial edification, "*Hi*! young Massa Walter give old Massa the slip one of dese days—see if he don't!"

Noting, at length, the more growing abstraction of his nephew, that he was more given to the perusal of poetry, that he sighed often, and moreover carried about him very suspicious missives, in the shape of delicately-folded notes, Mr. Everleigh grew uneasy, and resolved to question Walter upon the subject, a resolution which was perhaps the more speedily carried into effect, by observing one evening upon the little finger of the delinquent—a *small gold ring*! This was enough.

"Puppy!" he muttered, "it is just as I thought—yes, yes, I'll wager he is playing the fool!"

Then working himself up to the degree of wrath required for the purpose, he began:

"Put down your light, sir—you are not going off in this way—put down your light, I say, young man—we must have a little talk together before we separate!"

And blushing like a girl, Walter placed the lamp upon the table. He saw the hour had come, and that the storm he had so long dreaded, was about to burst upon his head:

"Now tell me, sir," continued Mr. Everleigh, "where you have been, and where you spend your evenings—*hey*, Walter, tell me that? You shan't run blindfolded into ruin if I can stop you—speak, sir!—I asked you where you had been!"

"I have been visiting at Mrs. Nesmeth's this evening, uncle," answered Walter dutifully.

"And who the devil is Mrs. Nesmeth?" asked the bachelor seizing the poker, and thrusting it into the grate.

"A—a particular friend of mine, whom I often call upon," said Walter.

"The deuce you do! *hey*—what—and why have not you told me this before, you scamp—how old is she, I say?" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"I should judge her to be nearly forty, uncle, although it is difficult to decide upon a lady's age," answered Walter.

"Difficult to decide upon, a fiddlestick! Forty is she—wh-e-w! she has a daughter then, I suppose, also a *particular friend* of yours?"

"Yes, sir. A most charming, amiable girl, sir, only about seventeen," replied Walter.

With a vigorous poke between the bars of the grate, Mr. Everleigh now fixed his gaze upon the countenance of his nephew:

"Well."

"Sir."

"I say, why don't you speak, you—you young jackanapes?"

"What shall I say?" said Walter, smiling.

"Say—why that you are in love with the girl—that you mean to make a fool of yourself—that you mean to marry her!"

"Well, my dear uncle," replied Walter firmly, "then I do say, that I love Miss Nesmeth most tenderly—that our faith stands plighted to one another, and that please God I shall marry her."

"*Please God you shall marry her!*" repeated Mr. Everleigh, in a tone of cutting contempt—"I say, please God, you shall do no such thing! a pretty fool you'd make of yourself, *eh!* What business had you to fall in love, I should like to know, without my consent—your faith stands plighted, does it?—O you puppy!—well, I'll find a way to un-plight it, that's all! don't speak—go to bed, sir—go to bed—*married*—wh-e-w!" And seizing a lamp, the excited bachelor bounced out of the room.

When he reached his chamber, Mr. Everleigh for some moments paced the floor with rapid strides, giving full vent to the passion which agitated him—now bestowing all sorts of invective epithets upon his nephew, now upon the arts of woman-kind. At length throwing himself into a chair, he gradually suffered his anger to abate—his features relaxed—a shade of melancholy stole over them, and finally burying his face in his hands, he remained for a long time in deep, and as it would appear, painful thought. Then slowly rising, he opened a small escritoire which stood upon a table, at the head of his bed, and drew forth the miniature of a young girl, upon which he gazed long and sorrowfully. A hot tear rolled down his cheek, and fell upon his hand. This aroused him, and as if angry for allowing himself to be thus overcome, he thrust the picture back into its case, turned the key of the desk, and hurriedly brushing his hand across his eyes, exclaimed:

"Fool, fool that I am! Well, God grant that poor Walter may not be made the dupe I was!"

Several days passed, and no further allusion was made to the subject so near the hearts of both uncle and nephew. Walter, it is true, would gladly have introduced this most interesting topic, and essayed at various times to do so—but Mr. Everleigh, perfectly comprehending his object, and willing to punish him, invariably walked off, leaving the lover to his own not very pleasant reflections—for the thought of his uncle's displeasure, who had ever been to him as a father, even the love of his charming Emily could not entirely over-balance.

Now, the truth must be owned, that Mr. Everleigh was quite as unhappy at the state of affairs as Walter; and when he noticed the pale cheek, and sunken eye, betokening a sleepless night, and the dejected, almost penitent air of his nephew, he could hold out no longer—pity took the place of resentment, and much to the astonishment of Walter, he was the first to introduce the forbidden subject; and expressed his readiness to hear what the "silly boy," as he termed him, had to say for himself.

Thus encouraged, Walter opened his heart freely—Mr. Everleigh listening at first quietly and silently—then, as Walter proceeded, he gradually grew more wrathful—fidgetted upon his seat—kicked the fender—muttering like Squire Burchell, "Fudge!" and "Pshaw!" and finally, in the very midst of a most glowing description of his fair inamorata, which Walter was pouring forth, he bade the ardent young lover hold his tongue, and not be such a fool!

"But uncle," persisted Walter, "I am sure if you once saw Emily, you would no longer

rail at my love, but acknowledge how very inferior to her real charms are all the descriptions I would fain give you."

"Pshaw—beauty is but skin deep, you silly fellow, and for the rest, she is just like all her sex, false and fickle as the wind!" said Mr. Everleigh. "She will jilt you, depend upon it."

"I would stake my life upon her truth!" replied Walter, warmly—"if you knew her, you would be ashamed of such injustice to an angel!"

"Wh-e-w! we are in a passion, are we—*eh* Mr. Fire-brand—now Walter take my advice, and don't get married. What the — do you want of a wife, I should like to know—have not you got a pleasant home, you dog, and an old uncle that humors you like a pet monkey! and what on earth do you want to bring a woman into the concern for!"

"Uncle," replied Walter, "so long as I was in no condition to support a wife, marriage of course would be highly injudicious; but as, thanks to your kindness, my dearest uncle, I am now established in a good business, with all reasonable prospect of success, why should I longer delay my happiness! No, my dear sir, do not ask it—nothing but your consent is now wanting to make me the happiest of men."

"The silliest of fools, you mean!" interrupted Mr. Everleigh, impatiently. "Now depend upon it, Walter, the moment you put yourself in the power of a woman, you are ruined, body and soul—I would not give—no, I would not give a straw for you—a mere puppet pushed hither and there, at the will of an artful little hussy! Just look at me, Walter—here I stand six feet in my shoes—a happy, hearty bachelor of five-and-forty—look at my head—not a grey hair in it—my teeth—sound as a roach—think you I should be what I am, had I saddled myself with a wife, and a brood of squalling fat babies?—no, no!"

"But uncle," said Walter, rather mischievously, "if report says true, you were once in a fair way for such a misfortune, for I have heard you were at one time engaged to be married."

"*Hey*—what? nonsense—nonsense," answered the bachelor, stooping suddenly to pick up something from the carpet—"to be sure I was a fool once, a deuced fool—but I was never caught again, ha-ha-ha—never again—and Walter, it is precisely because I know the deceitful sex, that I am so urgent to warn you against them."

"Then, you do admit that you were once in love?" said Walter—"then how can you blame me, for the passion, which a lovely and amiable girl has inspired?"

Mr. Everleigh arose and walked several times hurriedly around the room, then ap-

proaching Walter, he regarded him seriously, and said:

"Walter, you shall now hear from my lips that of which no other person has heard me speak. To you I will confess my folly. Yes, Walter," he continued, seating himself and nervously playing with his watch-guard—"when I was of your age, I was silly enough to fall in love with as arrant a piece of coquetry and mischief, as ever Nature turned out. She was a school-mate and intimate friend of your poor mother, Walter, and came home with her to pass the holidays at the Grange. This was our first meeting. She was then only fifteen—as gay and wild as a young deer, and the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld—nay, that I have ever yet seen. It was my fate to be spending the holidays at the Grange also, and a most fortunate circumstance I then felicitated myself that it was—but it proved otherwise, as you will see. Those six happy weeks flew by as moments—the remembrance even now causes my blood to course more rapidly—and then we parted, with mutual regret, and with mutual wishes that we might soon meet again! And I was such an ass, Walter, as to think and dream of nothing else but—but—ah! I cannot speak her name, boy!" said Mr. Everleigh, his voice trembling with agitation. "No matter—she was my star—my idol. All I did—all I hoped, was in reference to her, and I penned more sonnets to her praise than would fill a folio. At length we met again. She was again at the Grange. My love became idolatry, Walter, nor had I any reason to complain of her coldness. She read with me, sang to me, walked with me, and rode with me—indeed, we were scarcely for a moment separated. Thus encouraged, I at length declared my passion, and she—false and perfidious as she proved—she, Walter, fell on my bosom and wept her love!" Mr. Everleigh paused, and wrung the hand of Walter: "Boy, boy, may you never be deceived as I have been! My happiness was 'brief as woman's love.' A few weeks after our engagement witnessed the arrival of a gay, dashing lieutenant—her cousin, she said—and from that moment my bliss declined. Her attentions were no longer given to me—her smiles were for another—walking or riding—at home or abroad, the puppy never left her side. If I remonstrated, she laughed in my face, or turned angrily away from me. He called her by the most endearing names, and one day—yes, boy, one day I found her in his arms—her head resting dove-like upon his glittering epaulette—her little soft hand clasped in his. I saw—yes, I who had never yet dared to press my lips upon her snowy brow—I saw it and survived! I could have shot the fellow dead upon the spot, but to save my soul from the

sin of another's blood, there was providentially no weapon at hand. That evening I sought an interview with the false one. I accused her of her perfidy, and bade her explain, if she could, her conduct. This she positively refused to do—angry and bitter words ensued between us, until with consummate boldness she bade me mind my own concerns, and not trouble myself any further about her movements! I then asked her if she loved young Marchmont. Never shall I forget the look she cast upon me. "Love him!" she exclaimed—"love him!—yes, with my whole heart do I love him!" "It is enough," I answered—and although my brain was on fire, and every vein swollen with jealous rage, I coldly bowed, and turning on my heel walked leisurely away humming the air of a fashionable song. I then mounted my horse, and rode over to the house of a relative, some six or eight miles distant, where I remained for near a week, racked it seemed to me by all the torments of the damned. When I returned to the Grange she had gone—yes, gone with the lieutenant. I never saw her after! Now Walter I ask you, have I not reason to heap maledictions upon the faithless sex?"

"No, uncle," answered Walter, "with all due deference to you, and with all the sympathy I feel for you, pardon me for saying, that if what you have just told me, is all you have to allege against them, your argument is a poor one."

"*Hey*—what?—why, what the deuce would you have more?" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"I would have calmness and deliberation, uncle," returned Walter. "Allow me to say that judging from your own words, I consider you were too hasty in condemning the young lady. There may have been reasons—strong palliative reasons why —"

"Pshaw, Walter! stuff—stuff!" interrupted the bachelor—"reasons—there were no reasons but those to be traced to the fickle nature of woman. And of this I will convince you—for my folly, Walter, did not end here. Time cooled my resentment, and caused me to doubt my proceedings, and the more I reasoned upon the subject, the more I blamed my rashness. At last I resolved to write to her—to acknowledge my error—entreat her forgiveness, and once more offer her my love—yes, fool, dolt that I was—I penned one of your puling, sighing, *lack-a-daisical* love-letters, and sent it to her address. Well—the answer came—and it was such as my egregious folly deserved—saucy, spirited, insulting, and unfeeling! A few days previous I had been offered a situation in a West India house, and I now gladly and without the least hesitation accepted it. I embarked for Porto-Rico—yes, Walter, that bad, heartless girl drove me an exile from my friends and country! I was absent twelve years. When I returned I casually learned

she was married—but I never made any further inquiries about her. Your poor mother, too, dear Walter, had paid the debt of nature, leaving you a mere child; and soon after my return your father died also. I swore to be father and mother both to the child of my only treasured sister—and, although but a rough nurse, boy, I kept my vow!"

"Dearest uncle," interrupted Walter, seizing Mr. Everleigh's hand and kissing it, while grateful tears filled his eyes—"dearest uncle, I owe you everything—how can I ever repay such kindness and love?"

"*Eh!* very grateful you are, to be sure, you dog—going to bring a woman here to break up our happiness!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh.

"Not so, uncle," said Walter; "believe me, it will only render it more secure. Ah, when you once know Emily, for her sake you will renounce all your prejudices against women."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Everleigh; "however, if you will be such a fool as to get married, why I can't help it. I believe I should be doing you a much greater kindness to give you a halter to hang yourself with, than to consent to such folly as you propose. But you never will see your mistake until it is too late; so there's no use wasting any more breath upon you—get married, then, in heaven's name!—poor fellow!"

"Thank you, thank you, my dear uncle!" cried Walter, his countenance evincing all the joy he felt.

"And, Walter," continued Mr. Everleigh, speaking slowly, and as if half ashamed at the concession he was making, in favor of a woman, "I can't spare you altogether; though I suppose, at the best, I shall have but little of your company; therefore bring your wife home. My house shall be yours—there is room enough for all of us, and for your sake, puppy, I will try to like your——*wife*—pshaw!"

Walter smiled and shook his uncle warmly by the hand: "And now, uncle, you will give me the happiness of introducing my beloved Emily to my more than father. You will go with me and see her, uncle!"

"*Eh!* what—I go to see her—no, no, that is asking too much," replied Mr. Everleigh. "I will do no such thing! I will neither go to see her, nor will I go to your wedding; so don't ask me. I will never sanction, by my presence, the sacrifice of a fine, handsome young fellow like yourself to a woman—not I! Draw as much money as you please—go and come as you please—get married when you please—and leave me to do as I please!"

Thus saying, Mr. Everleigh was about to leave the room—already his hand was upon the knob of the door, when, suddenly turning, he walked up to Walter, seized his hand, and pressing it fervently, cried:

"God bless you, my dear, dear Walter, and make you a happy man!"

From this night, there seemed to be a tacit understanding between uncle and nephew, that each should do as they pleased, without question or remark.

Although professing great indifference, it was easy enough to see, that Mr. Everleigh was more interested in Walter's movements than he would care to make known; and as the time approached, when the "sacrifice of this fine, handsome young fellow to a woman" was to be completed, it seemed to be his chief desire and study to promote the future comfort and happiness of the young couple.

A suite of rooms were newly and handsomely furnished, and the bachelor even endured uncomplainingly the flitting and rustling up stairs and down stairs of women's garments; the scrubbing brushes, and white-wash brushes, and window brushes, wielded by several respected female friends of old Tunis, who, by the way, chuckled greatly over this invasion of the bachelor's territories.

In looking over the morning papers, Mr. Everleigh one day noticed a very fine collection of plants were to be disposed of at auction, in the upper part of the city; and thinking a choice little conservatory would be just the thing for Walter's young bride, he jumped into an omnibus for the purpose of attending the sale.

When he first took his seat there were several passengers. These, however, gradually dropped off, until, as they reached Fourth street, there remained but one person in the stage besides himself. This was a young man of dashing air, most fashionably attired, with hair enough on his face to have rendered the clippings quite an object of speculation to an upholsterer. For a short distance they rode on alone, and then the driver suddenly reining up his horses to the curb stone, a young girl sprang lightly within, and took her seat in the farthest corner of the stage, but on the same side as the exquisite. She was evidently very young, and the slight glance obtained of her countenance, as she brushed past him, convinced Mr. Everleigh that she was also uncommonly charming.

Yet this dangerous fact, did not in the least disturb his bachelor stoicism; and he would probably have left the omnibus without bestowing another thought upon her, had not his attention been suddenly drawn to the movements of the fashionable fop, who, changing his seat to the opposite side of the vehicle, seemed intent upon annoying the young girl with his bold, rude glances. By degrees he had edged himself into the corner directly facing her, and in such close proximity, that the blushing girl could not raise her eyes, without encountering his libertine gaze.

No sooner did Mr. Everleigh note the bearing

of this polished blackguard toward the young, unprotected girl, than with all that kindness which marked his character, he resolved he would not leave the omnibus without her; or, at any rate, that he would retain his place until the presence of other passengers should prove her safeguard from the fellow's boldness. He had previously told the driver where he wished to be set down, and accordingly the stage drew up at the given place. He saw the exulting look of the young man, supposing himself about to be rid of his presence, and met at the same time the appealing look of a pair of soft blue eyes, which the young girl bent upon him, as half rising, she seemed prepared to follow his movements.

"I shall ride further," said Mr. Everleigh to the driver; "drive on, I will tell you when to stop."

The exquisite muttered a curse, while, as if divining the motives of Mr. Everleigh, the young girl bestowed such a sweet grateful look upon him, as would have taken captive the heart of any younger man—but "Joey B—is tough, sir!"

The driver whipped up his horses, in wrath at the bright sun, which drew the feet of his quondam passengers to thread the gaily bedizened flaggings, and the stage rattled furiously the length of several squares.

"Is this ——— street?" timidly asked the young girl of Mr. Everleigh.

His reply was cut short by her tormentor, with—

"It is, beautiful creature—allow me the happiness of handing you to the sidewalk, and of seeing you safe home."

"Puppy!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh, leaning over and shaking his good-sized fist in the face of the officious scoundrel. "Dare to rise from that seat, or intrude your insults further upon this young girl, and I will pitch you under the horses' hoofs—do you hear me?" and with another flourish in the very teeth of the discomfited Lothario, he pulled the check rein, and taking the hand of the trembling girl, saw her safely upon the flag-stones.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the young girl, with a sweet smile; "this is my residence, sir. I will not trouble you further." Then with another smile and bow, she tripped up the steps of a small two-story house and rang the bell.

Our gallant bachelor waited hat in hand, until he saw his fair charge safely within doors, and then turned to hail some down-town carriage, for his benevolence had led him many squares from his original destination. Now, dear reader, do not think that Mr. Everleigh had put himself to all this trouble, merely because the object of his kindness was young and pretty. He would have done the same for any unprotected female, in like circumstances, no

matter her age or condition, whether she wore a robe of velvet, or the homely garb of a washerwoman.

Turning, therefore, as I have said, to pursue his original purpose, the foot of Mr. Everleigh came suddenly in contact with a delicate cambric handkerchief. Lifting it from the pavement, a small steel purse dropped from it, which he remembered to have seen in the hand of his fair charge, and immediately ascending the steps, in order to restore the prize to its rightful owner, he rang the bell.

While awaiting the answer to his summons, he mechanically turned over the handkerchief. It was of the finest linen cambric, apparently quite old, for it was much worn, and in several places bore the marks of skilful darning. It was certainly a pardonable curiosity in our bachelor to cast his eye upon the left hand corner of this delicate *mouchoir*. There was a name, although nearly effaced. Why mounts the blood so swiftly to his countenance—and why does an almost ghastly pallor as suddenly succeed? Why do his hands tremble, and his limbs almost refuse their office? It is because, in those pale, time-worn characters, he traces the name of Myra Grey—of Myra Grey, his false, perfidious mistress!

O, the thoughts which swept through his brain, like a rapid, rolling river! the years that were lived over in that one brief moment! That name—how came it there! to whom belonged that fatal handkerchief, which thus, like Othello's, had "magic in the web of it!"

"Did you ring the bell, sir?" asked a little servant-maid, who had stood for some moments holding open the door, yet until she spoke wholly unnoticed by Mr. Everleigh in the deep absorption of his feelings.

Recovering himself by a violent effort, he bade the girl ask her young mistress to come to the door, and the next moment, from a back room, with a light step and a smile of pleasure, the young lady came tripping through the hall. Mr. Everleigh bowed; he could not trust himself to speak, and tendered the purse and handkerchief.

"Oh! thank you, thank you!" she exclaimed. "I had just missed them, and was fearful I had dropped them in the omnibus, and of course had little expectation of seeing them again. Indeed, I am very much obliged to you," she continued artlessly, "for I would not have lost the handkerchief for the world; it is mamma's, and one which she highly values as the gift of a friend, since dead."

Still Mr. Everleigh spake not a word, and the young girl, now for the first time noticing his agitation and the pallor of his countenance, said:

"You are not well, sir; do walk in, pray do!" And hardly knowing what he was doing, Mr.

Everleigh followed her through the hall and into a small parlor, where, at a little side table, sat a lady engaged in writing. She might have passed her fortieth year, but she was still eminently handsome, and as she rose to meet the salute of the stranger, her form and bearing were alike graceful and dignified.

"Mamma," exclaimed the young girl, "this is the gentleman who was so kind to me in the omnibus, and here too is the purse and handkerchief which I so carelessly dropped."

"My daughter is under great obligations to you, sir," said the lady bowing, yet evidently a little surprised at the intrusion.

Mr. Everleigh advanced—those still beautiful eyes were upon him; he saw before him the only woman he had ever loved; he extended his hand.

"Myra—Myra, don't you know me?"

That voice! It was now the lady's turn to be agitated. She started, and a marble hue overspread her features.

"Ah, heavens!" she said, "can it be Everleigh!" And then, forgetting all, save their early love and their long estrangement, Mr. Everleigh caught her to his bosom, and imprinted a long and fervent kiss upon her pallid cheek.

"It is long, very long, since we met!" said Mr. Everleigh, at length, striving to regain some composure.

"It is indeed, many, many long years," she replied.

"Yes, more than twenty, Myra," continued Mr. Everleigh in a saddened tone; and this is your daughter?" he said, turning to the fair girl, who had been a surprised spectator of the scene.

"My only child and comfort!" answered Mrs. Nesmith, extending her arms to her daughter. "Emily, my love, this gentleman is one of my earliest friends, and the brother of that beloved Emily Everleigh whose name you bear."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Everleigh, a glow of pleasure mantling his countenance, "then let that dear name secure my pardon," kissing as he spoke the blushing cheek of Emily.

"And your husband?" he said, turning once more to Mrs. Nesmith.

"I am a widow," she replied; "my husband died in the second year of our marriage."

This announcement caused a very queer feeling about the heart of our bachelor—such in fact as had stirred his bosom in summer twilight's "lang syne," when strolling through the haunts of childhood with the lovely Myra Grey! The silence which ensued was somewhat embarrassing, and then the conversation touched upon topics less dangerous, and in which the fair Emily joined. Indeed they were all very rational, and so rapidly passed the mo-

ments, that more than an hour had stolen its flight, ere Mr. Everleigh thought of the necessity of saying adieu.

Somehow his resentment against the sex, and against the widow, in particular, had vanished. The jilt trick she had played him no longer affected him. He even forgot there ever existed a dashing lieutenant, with the "front of Jove himself," and "an eye like Mars." True she was an unprotected widow, while from her conversation, and from what he saw, he could plainly discover not in very good circumstances. When we consider this fact, we must of course agree, that it would not have been manly to have indulged in any other than the most kindly feelings, toward one thus unfortunately situated. In short, when at length Mr. Everleigh rose to depart, he carried the hand of the widow to his lips, promising he would soon call upon her again.

It would be difficult to define the feelings of our doughty bachelor, as he bent his steps homeward. Such was his abstraction, that although late, he forgot to hail a return omnibus; he forgot the business upon which he had that morning left his dwelling; he forgot all about poor Walter's young bride, although he passed directly in front of the store where those same beautiful plants, whose possession he had so lately coveted for her sake, yet embalmed the air with their fragrance; he forgot everything—even to cry, "Psha! silly boy!" as Walter exhibited a beautiful little work-box which he had just purchased for his betrothed.

Never had Walter known his uncle so complaisant upon the theme of woman; and at length he ventured once more to request the presence of his uncle at the wedding.

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense, boy, nonsense," was Mr. Everleigh's reply; "and yet, if your fair one did but resemble the charming girl I saw this morning, then, indeed, I might perhaps consent to see you put on the fetters of matrimony."

"Ah, who was this young lady, uncle?" asked Walter.

"She was the daughter of—pscha—none of your business. Don't be asking about other pretty girls—a pretty husband you'll make, to be sure!" said Mr. Everleigh. "Fill your glass, boy! here's to the health of *my* Emily!"

The next evening saw Mr. Everleigh again in the little sitting-room of Mrs. Nesmeth. He found the widow alone, Emily having accompanied a friend to the Art-Union Exhibition. A more confidential and interesting *tête-à-tête* now ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Nesmeth informed him that her daughter was on the eve of marriage with a fine young merchant, with whom she hoped Mr. Everleigh would soon become acquainted.

"She is very young, to be sure—scarcely

eighteen," added Mrs. Nesmith, "but it will be a great relief to know that should any accident befall me, I shall not leave my dear child unprotected."

This was a moving theme, undoubtedly, and imperceptibly the conversation reverted back to olden times, and to the brief season of their love and happiness. Past injuries, or supposed injuries were all explained, and the "wrong made right"—all that had appeared to the young lover, so heartless and inexcusable in the conduct of Myra Grey, made clear; *how*, I cannot say; but as it was perfectly satisfactory to the person most interested, it is useless for us to trouble ourselves about it.

It was indeed a lamentable fact, which struck heavily upon the heart of Mr. Everleigh, that through his own rashness he had cheated himself out of a charming wife for a period, perhaps, of twenty years! Just think of it! No wonder he desired to repair the evil; and therefore he once more offered his hand and heart to the acceptance of the widow.

At this critical and interesting moment, they were interrupted by the entrance of Emily and her lover.

"Uncle!"

"Why—what—*ch!* Walter—Walter!"

"What does this mean, my dear uncle?" exclaimed the surprised Walter.

"Your uncle! O, Walter, is this gentleman that dear kind uncle of whom you have so often spoken?" said Emily.

"And is this the sweet girl that is to be your wife?" asked Mr. Everleigh. "Then God bless you both, my dear children!" he cried, folding their hands within his own. Then leading Walter to Mrs. Nesmeth, he said:

"Myra, look at this boy; he is the child of our dear lost Emily. And now, Walter," he continued, turning to his agitated nephew, "in the mother of your bride, behold that Myra Grey, the first and only love my heart has ever known."

A happier circle than was gathered in that small parlor the limits of the city did not enclose. Seeing with half an eye how matters were likely to end, Walter fully revenged himself upon his uncle, and sure of toleration, detailed, with great glee, the estimate of "woman-kind," which his uncle had endeavored to instil into his mind from childhood.

"Yes, yes, boy," said Mr. Everleigh, laughing, "take your revenge; I deserve it. Here I stand, the inveterate enemy of woman, about to assume the ties of wedded life!"

"Uncle, uncle," exclaimed Walter gravely, "you had much better procure yourself a halter! I would not give a straw for you after you are married—a mere puppet to be pushed hither and there by"—a little white hand smothered the rest of the sentence, while a

hearty laugh burst from the discomfited bachelor, in which the trio merrily joined.

Having thus brought our bachelor to that state of subjection to woman-kind, in which (with all due deference to the fraternity) they must all sooner or later arrive, I will now briefly state that more extensive alterations and improvements rapidly took place in the bachelor's domicile. Other apartments than those intended for Walter Lincoln's young

bride were prepared; and while the neighbor's were yet puzzling themselves to discover the meaning of such strange proceedings, an evening paper announced:

"Married, this morning, at Grace Church, by the Rev. ———, Jonathan Everleigh, Esq., of this city, to Mrs. Myra Nesmeth; and at the same time and place, Walter Lincoln, nephew of Jonathan Everleigh, Esq., to Miss Emily Nesmeth."

TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

LONG years have lapsed, since, Sister, thy low breath
Fell soft upon this cheek laid close to thine;
Long years, since, Sister, thou sunk back in death,
And we wove for thee the dark cypress vine.
Full many a time the leaves have come and gone,
Fresh tinted, gay, green, yellow, and the sere,
Full many a moon hung in the sky her horn,
Since we all, Sister, pressed about thy bier.

Oh, how my very memory pains to call
Back to my mind the thought that thou wert gone;
How the vast Future, like a dark'ning pall,
Shrouded my vision, when I felt alone!
Wearily, wearily, did the slow hours wend
Along their lagging round from day to day;
Sadly, oh sadly, did I daily bend
Above the spot where thou, sweet Sister, lay.

Thou art not here, but yet thou'rt with me now,
Thy angel face is gazing into mine;
That placid look still sits upon thy brow,
That always spoke of something there divine.
I feel that thou art ever by my side,
Guiding and counselling, as angels do.
Still the waves that break from Time's dark tide,
And pointing through the clouds to heaven's deep blue.

JANUARY, 1849.

When dusky shades at even throng the woods,
When the great moon stares over hills afar;
At midnight, in Earth's deepest solitudes,
Thy tender voices with me ever are.
Dost thou, then, know the brother whom thou left?
Is thy sweet spirit ever at his chair?
He who recks daily of the circle so bereft,
So desolate no fortunes may repair?

In dreams I see thee, Sister, oft at night,
When sleep hath drawn her curtains round my bed;
I see thee in thy robes of spotless white,
And seem to hear the softness of thy tread.
Thy hands are meekly folded on thy breast
And on thy lips the same smile lingers still,
That speaks the weary soul at last at rest
From every anxious care and fearful ill.

I know that the dark waters we all dread
Thou hast already past. There is for thee
No feverish hopes—no fears—for all are sped.
How many moons, sweet sister, shall there be,
Ere Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, all
Shall meet beside the river, crystal clear,
That laves the New Jerusalem's high wall,
And wipe away for ever every tear.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

TELL him I lingered alone on the shore,
Where we parted in anger, to meet never more;
The night wind blew cold on my desolate heart;
But colder those wild words of doom—"Ye must part!"

O'er the dark, heaving waters I sent forth a cry;
Save the moan of those waters, there came no reply.
I longed like a bird o'er those waters to flee
From my lone island-home and the moan of the sea.

Away, far away from the wild ocean shore,
Where the waves ever murmur "No more, never more."
Where I look from my lattice, far over the main,
And weep for the bark that returns not again.

When the clouds that now veil from us Heaven's fair light
Their soft, silver lining turn forth on the night,
When time shall the vapors of falsehood dispel,
He shall know if I loved him, but never how well.

THE EGYPTIAN MASQUE; A Tale of the Crescent City.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,
AUTHOR OF "GUY RIVERS," "THE TENNESSEE."

CHAPTER I.

It was in the winter of 18— that I paid my first visit to the Crescent City, as, since that period, I believe, New Orleans has been called. It was not then the wondrous business metropolis that we now behold it; but sufficiently stately, magnificent, and populous, even then, with its thirty-five to forty thousand inhabitants, to turn the head of a backwoodsman like myself. Until that time, I had never beheld a city—had never been beyond the little village in West Tennessee, which constituted the nearest market-town to my father's plantations. In fact, I was a simple rustic, without any of the advantages of travel, and but few of education. Thus ignorant, at eighteen years of age, I descended the Mississippi to this queen of cities, seated at its mouth. I had for a companion down the river, an old friend, who was something more experienced than myself. Frederick Brandon was a Tennessean also; but he had seen something of the world—had passed frequently over the route we were now pursuing, and knew every plantation, and, it seemed to me, every person along the river. He was five years older than myself, and had been better taught in every respect. I necessarily deferred to him. He could enlighten me about a thousand matters, of which I was profoundly ignorant; and he was the person to do so, without mortifying my selfishness. To him New Orleans was no novelty, though a great attraction. He had a sister who was married to one of its most wealthy Creoles, and frequent visits to the city had made all its places familiar. He was the man to spy out and explore all the haunts of a great metropolis. He possessed a lively curiosity with an unexcitable temperament—a rare combination—and was active and prompt always, without showing eagerness or hurry. His nerves seemed to be made of steel. Sternly resolute as a gladiator, he was yet not easily ruffled; a man of great muscular power and equal agility, he was slow to anger, and preferred always, where this was possible, to excuse or escape annoyance, rather than construe it into an offence which it became necessary to resent. With his temperament, at once

cool and curious, New Orleans had few secrets which he had not contrived to penetrate. Its walks and cafés, theatres and *hells*—for at this period the Crescent City could boast of several licensed gambling establishments of the largest dimensions—were all familiar to his footsteps. He seemed to carry with him everywhere that "open sesame" which threw wide the most secret recesses of vice and dissipation. Not that he himself was either vicious or dissipated. He never played; he was singularly temperate. He was no puritan, it is true, but he had few or no indulgences. He was only curious and fearless. He could see without being fascinated, touch without being defiled, and breathe the same atmosphere with vice without taking in its poison. He was truly an extraordinary person for one so young. I look back upon his character, after a lapse of thirty years, with almost the same degree of admiration which I felt for him at first. His powers of caution, endurance, and resistance, were indeed wonderful, and it is to their influence I owe it, that I so soon learned to navigate the mysterious avenues and abodes of the great city, without suffering from snares and pitfalls. The secret of the strength to do so, with the capacity to discern just where the danger lay in waiting, I derived from his equal counsel and example. As he never questioned his own strength, and as I had every confidence in his conduct, we went everywhere together without scruple. I could tell some queer stories about our desultory wanderings and strange discoveries; but these may serve a turn hereafter. Suffice it now, that in the course of a few weeks, I had acquired such a perfect *carte dupays* of the municipal and social world in which I found myself, that I too might have taken up the business of the *cicerone*, in the goodly city, without greatly discrediting my master.

Through Brandon's sister, I obtained the *entree* of society. By this, however, must be understood only the Creole or *native* society. At that early day in New Orleans, there was scarcely any other recognized. The Anglo-American population were in very low repute with the Creoles, and were not sufficiently numerous to form an extensive and ample commu-

nity of their own. The French population were not easily accessible. They were a proud, aristocratic people, with many refinements, and quite as many jealousies. They regarded the Anglo-Saxon population as mere traders—adventurers having no aims that did not lie within the compass of the “almighty dollar.” They despised them accordingly; and soon learned to detest them, as cordially as they despised, as competitors, whose superior energies—the result, in some measure, of their deficient refinements and inferior wants—were rapidly undermining their prosperity, and taking from their own success in trade. It would not, I think, be easy to understand, at this day, now that everything is somewhat changed in these respects, the degree of aversion which the Creole felt towards the stranger population. They made some distinction, it is true, between members of the same race, engaged in trade, and those engaged in agriculture, which were favorable to the latter. I was the son of a planter, about to become a planter myself, and was, necessarily, a gentleman—though the small patrimony which I looked to inherit in Tennessee, would very poorly justify, by itself, any assumptions of this character. But it sufficed for my position in New Orleans; and Brandon’s sister, Madame de Chateauneuve, did the rest. She found for me a sufficient passport. Under her wing, I went the visiting rounds, and became incorporated with that circle in which she moved without impediment. She was a strong-minded person, very much resembling her brother; and like a sensible woman, swayed her husband’s household without mortifying his *amour propre*. Monsieur de Chateauneuve was a merchant of the old school. He was a large importer of French and German wines, properly interested in his business, but without suffering his appetite for gain to render him careless of society. He contrived, in other words, to keep united the character of the gentleman and the trader; was contented with moderate business and moderate profits, and was thus enabled to devote some time and attention to literature and the arts, of which he was passionately fond. He was considerably older than his wife, whom he professed to treat rather as a child than a woman. To all this she yielded the most implicit deference, being quite satisfied to wield the essentials of power, while he amused himself with its shows and shadows. Her brother was a favorite with her Baron, and, in some degree, I became so myself. The *entree* of his mansion afforded me that of several ancient houses. With a very slight smattering of French, which was sufficiently imperfect to permit my companions to correct me graciously—a task which my fair friends always performed in such a manner as to make the correction agreeable—I made my way with

tolerable success. Though something of a rustic, I was lively; and my equal simplicity and animation were both serviceable to me in a highly sophisticated condition of society, particularly as my frankness of temperament was entirely free from all obtrusiveness. Invitations accordingly poured in upon me. Society kept me constantly busy; and one delightful morning in January found Frederick Brandon and myself eagerly engaged in discussing our habits for the *bal masqué* of Madame Maria de Bernière. This lady was a belle and a fortune. She was the youthful widow of the once notorious Col. Eugene de Bernière, a sugar planter and a famous swordsman. He had been a dark, savage man, ungenial and morose; a domestic tyrant, equally feared and hated in society. His wife, who was twenty years younger than himself, had been forced into his arms, when she was yet a mere child, by the perverse avarice of her mother. He became jealous of her without cause; and soon gave her sufficient cause for aversion to him, which the imprudent woman never attempted to conceal. His treatment of her was harsh and brutal, and when he died, she felt relief rather than regret. She did not affect the sorrows which it would have been unnatural to feel, and was at no great pains to convince the world that she was inconsolable. Still she offended against no proprieties. Her conduct was unexceptionable. She had not withheld herself from society, but she had violated none of its laws. It was now thirteen months after the death of her tyrant, that she was about to give her first grand entertainment. All the world was agog for the occasion. Public expectation indulged freely in its fancies; and the prediction was universal, that we were about to enjoy a festival more picturesque and delightful than had ever before taken place in New-Orleans. Great preparations for the event were known to be in progress, and all the auguries were propitious, and all the prophecies were grateful. Anticipation did not, however, go quite far enough. A considerable circle in the Crescent City, as it was thirty years ago, will long remember the *bal masqué* of Maria de Bernière, not less for what was promised, than what actually took place.

I was all in a tumult of excitement. I was an eager boy, and it was my first appearance in such a scene. I had heard of the masqued balls of Europe—of their crowds, their splendor, their variety; the humors which they elicited, the curious blunders and the romantic intrigues; the felicitous tastes and fancies to which they gave birth; the merriment and the wit which they provoked;—and I indulged in the wildest expectation, even beyond the possibility, of what I was really to enjoy. Besides, there was the *romance* over all—that indescribable charm which the young imagina-

tion delights to conceive, even from the most imperfect approximation of the absolute enjoyments to that of which its dreams are ever made. To confess a truth, I indulged in some vague anticipation of fun and adventure—of some grateful encounter with loving beauty in a disguise, which I alone was to be permitted to penetrate, and in which I was to discover charms like those of the houri, and a wisdom like that of Zobeida. In brief, I was to be made happy by a happy conquest. Oh! dreams of the boyish fancy, but not less grateful because they are so!

Brandon had his expectations also, not less pleasant than mine, and resting on far better foundations. He did not withhold them from me, though he revealed them now for the first time. His were hopes and desires rather than mere dreams. That portion of my romance which ensued from the mystery, did not belong to his calculations. These he did not suppress. He had a passion actively working in his heart, the object of which was no less a person than the fair widow herself. Of her he had never spoken to me before; and her home was almost the only one, of all within the range of his sister's circle, into which I had not gone in his company. But he had gone thither alone. This he now revealed to me. He had long known her and had loved her even before the death of her husband. Speaking of him, he had but a single word—"Brute!" which he repeated now with singular emphasis. From him I now received her story. Brandon then revealed to me his own relation with the widow.

"If woman," said he, "were always her own mistress—were she not too commonly influenced by what is called the world, and what she considers its friendships—I might easily persuade myself to indulge in a hope which might seem to others unbecoming. But to you, William, I frankly say that, if I do not greatly deceive myself, I *have* a place in Marie's heart. I loved her when she was the wife of another, though I knew not the fact myself. Then I saw her but infrequently, and we had no opportunities for speech together. But she must even then have seen the earnestness with which I watched her: and I have a thousand times fancied since, when endeavoring to recall the past, that her eye frequently distinguished me from among the crowd. Since she has opened her doors to society, I have availed myself of my sister's intimacy, to see her frequently. We have also met when none were present; and I fancy my advances have not been made in vain. I confess to you, frankly, that I love her beyond any woman I have ever yet beheld."

"But how will you overcome the difficulty in regard to religion. I heard your sister last night say, that she was something of a devotee—quite a wild spiritualist, and a little

too much under the influence of her ghostly father."

"She is spiritual only because she is imaginative. She is religious and a devotee, only because hers is a very earnest and enthusiastic nature. Her religion, I fancy, will be no difficulty with me, if mine should suggest none to her. She is a catholic, and I, if anything, am an episcopalian. There are really no vital differences between the two creeds, except in respects which rather concern society than the individual. The great effort of protestantism in England was rather to strip the state of its religion than the man. In that country now, the established church is, simply, an instrument of state, one of the politic agencies for the maintenance of a system. I am tolerant. I do not feel that my faith has any right to quarrel with the forms of another's, which admits her to be pure, fond, and faithful, simply because it obeys certain prescriptive modes in its exhibition. My wife may pray at any altar that she pleases, so that she really do pray, and always puts herself forward in her prayers. For me, I think it likely she will suffer me to worship where I please, always provided, that I make no other living woman my madonna."

I laughed. I had no doubt of his success; and I told him so. I felt sure that few women could withstand him. Few men were in possession of more decided or superior attractions. Something has already been said of his character. His personal claims were not a whit behind those of his intellect. A more manly fellow never left the mountains of Tennessee. A more graceful person never trode in the palaces of nobility. Brave, generous, and frank—a splendid rider, a famous wrestler, a deadly shot—he had yet other attractions. He could pace a galliard like a prince, and hold his ground with Hoyle and Phillidor at whist and chess. Besides, his literary tastes had been cultivated, and were of a decided character. His information was large, and of that sort which society most needs and most desires. He could suggest a plan for draining a meadow, reclaiming a desert, improving a crop, and designing a cottage; and without obtruding his art, he could frame a sonnet to a sentiment, or compose the song for a favorite strain of summer music. It is true that Frederick Brandon had little wealth; but what of this, if that of Marie de Bernière could suffice for both? I felt sure, and spoke confidently of his success. He heard me patiently.

"I do not certainly underrate my hopes," said he; "but I am very sure that I do not overrate my fears. I foresee much difficulty before me, from a cause which is scarcely visible to you; nor can I now explain myself. Enough, that I have a severe struggle before me, which will test all my strength and ingenuity. But,

hither comes my sister. Not a word more. Let us look now at the visors."

CHAPTER II.

That very morning, under the auspices of Madame de Chateauneuve, I made my first visit to the lovely Marie de Bernière. She received us very graciously, and was, I fancied, particularly solicitous of the favorable regards of Madame de C. Nor had I any reason to complain. Benevolence and sweetness were apparently the most distinguishing traits in her composition; and she very soon put me quite at ease beside her. When I left her, I felt as if she were an old acquaintance. I have said that Marie de Bernière was a *belle*. She deserved to be so, and would have friends in spite of all her fortune. She was but twenty-two at the time of which I write, and possessed all the frankness, the delicacy, and freshness of a girl of seventeen; with the additional advantages of a contemplative mood derived from a premature experience. Never did a more beautiful princely creature glide through the measured majesty of dance. Her form was rather above the middling size; but eminently symmetrical. Her carriage was at once dignified and unaffected. So much grace and simplicity, with so much elevation and nobility, were never before united in the same person. Her features were by no means regular. Regularity of features, indeed, is seldom consistent with real or remarkable beauty—but they were so perfect in themselves, and each so perfect by itself, that their combined expression was irresistible, and readily served to divest the eye from any too close analysis of details, which might have resulted in an unfavorable decision upon the whole. In brief, you were touched and made to sympathize with the object, before you could begin its study, and then all farther examination was prosecuted under a bias which left the judgment free. You were not allowed to perceive a deficiency in charms which had already dazzled the glance and warmed the fancy; and the mind yielded with the eye, and the heart submitted at the first summons, to a nameless influence which was sufficient to prejudice, in its behalf, the severest purpose of the critic. Such was the effect of the beauty of Marie de Bernière on most persons. In this way, perhaps, had it won the young admiration of my companion. He admitted that he had yielded without resistance, at a mere glance, when he first came to New Orleans; but he insisted that the first impressions of his eye had been confirmed by the subsequent experience of his mind. We shall

see. At all events, I was not prepared, or indeed, at all disposed, to question the propriety of his feelings or the wisdom of his tastes. My first interview with the beautiful widow awakened in my own heart a warm and genial attachment for her—not of love, remember—but of such a kind as to make it easy to understand how it should be love in the bosom of my friend. Still, I am disposed to think that, prudent and cool in all other matters, Frederick Brandon had hurried into this attachment with all the impulse of the boy, freed from the leash at twenty-one. All men have their rashnesses, and this was his. But, admitting all the charms of Marie de Bernière, there were some peculiarities about her that never entirely satisfied myself.

These I was more sensible of, during a quiet evening at Madame de Chateauneuve's mansion preceding a few days the *Ball Masqué*, and where I saw her for the second time. On this occasion, I studied her with much more freedom and particularity than before. That she was a person of many and imposing beauties, such as must infallibly make themselves admired and soon beloved by thousands, almost at a glance, I could easily perceive and will cheerfully admit. It was the style and manner of her beauty that did not satisfy me—that startled me, in fact, and made me to fear, in some degree, as well as to admire. I felt that there was something unnaturally powerful in the very intensity of her glance. Nothing could have been more brilliant than her eye. But it was fascination, no less than splendor. The effect was rather to dazzle and confound, than to persuade. If it had the brilliancy of the diamond—its purity and clearness—it seemed to possess its hardness also. The lady had a habit of looking on you fixedly—into your very eye—a habit which very seldom pleases or attracts;—her own glittering all the while, with a piercing shaft-like directness, of the intensity of which she seemed to be nearly entirely unconscious. It happened, not unfrequently, while she was thus looking through you, as it were, that your speech would utterly fail to fix her thoughts or command her attention. Her mind seemed, at such moments, to be wandering; her faculties absorbed in musings and contemplations as widely remote from what you were saying—and even from yourself—as if she were wholly in another world and presence; and when, by an evident effort of will, she would recall her consciousness to the things about her, it was with a seeming restlessness of mood, that robbed the features, for awhile, of all expression. These were peculiarities which I did not conceive to be pleasant ones. There was yet another. There was a something in the occasional quivering of her thin lips, which produced an uncomfortable sensation; and she had a habit

of drawing in her breath, at moments of pause in the conversation, with a slight sobbing sound, such as an infant gives out after having cried itself to sleep. This was another peculiarity which, I confess, tended somewhat to qualify my admiration of her charms. They seemed to be so many proofs of an hysterical tendency; and to betray, also, the weight of some secret sorrow or anxiety which we do not relish should appear conspicuous in the case of youth and feminine beauty. I doubt whether Frederick Brandon perceived these peculiarities at all; or they may have seemed to him only so many additional beauties.

Of her features, a brief sketch will suffice. Her hair was of a light brown; her eye was hazel; her complexion dazzlingly fair, and distinguished by the most delicate peach blossom that ever kindled the virgin cheek to loveliness. Never was mouth more sweetly yet expressively fashioned. Her nose was Grecian; the eye large and eminent; the chin full and delicately round; the forehead high rather than massive; the neck long and white, arching beautifully, and the throat broad and very fair, and worthy of the well fashioned bust from which it rose. Of her figure and carriage I have spoken.

Such was the result of my observation during my second interview with Madame de Bernière. They must not be thought unfavorable. Perhaps I sought for defects, in order to prevent myself from becoming too much pleased. I must add that, personally, I had no reason to be less satisfied with her on this than on the previous occasion. Her attention to me was quite as friendly as before. She evidently treated me with special favor, and I was not vain enough to ascribe this treatment to any cause, but the high degree of favor which my friend enjoyed in her estimation. But let us hurry. The masquerade approaches.

CHAPTER III.

The *bal masqué* might well have been a native of the Crescent City. It is here more at home than in any other portion of the Union. Here, it belongs to the original sources of society—the creation of a Provençal and Andalusian parentage. It accords with the flexible

mood of the people, their social readiness, the felicity of their humor, its play, and liveliness. It is also characteristic of a nature that loves to turn aside to regions of its own—to dream, and indulge in fanciful wanderings. It is grateful to the South—it belongs to starlight and flowers; and appeals to tastes and sensibilities, which, in consequence of the very intensity of the native passions, prefers to disguise the overearnest impulses, and to mask from exposure the too eager susceptibilities. That it is a dangerous recreation, as calculated to promote intrigue, is perhaps only true of it, among a colder and more calculating people. I doubt if it is employed for any such purpose in New Orleans. It is simply one of the sports which constitute the romance of society, and divert it from its passions. It belongs rather to the play of the people than to their appetites. It brings out ingenious resource in conversation; exercises the subtleties of small social diplomacy; enables a bashful lover, perhaps, to declare, under a monk's visage, what he would not venture beneath his own;—but seldom goes a fraction farther. It is the colder and more deliberate nature, that plans and contrives such an agency, for the promotion of more dangerous and deeper purposes—a prurient and vicious mind, that forever broods over its mere appetites, nursing, by thought, those characteristics which properly belong only to the sanguine impulses. The passions of the warm South, once aroused, would break through and fling aside all disguises. It cannot often employ hypocrisy for the purposes of passion; and is as far as possible from any cold calculations in respect to it. These belong really to regions where the blood is never too warm for the control of the intellect; and where, accordingly, the intellect itself is made use of to stimulate the ardor and the fervor of the blood.

But a truce to these preliminaries. Let it suffice that the *bal masqué* of Madame de Bernière was one of the most splendid affairs that had ever taken place in New Orleans. It was decidedly beyond anything that I had ever dreamed of as likely to occur in our time and country. It realized all my fancies of what might happen in foreign lands, where wealth, art, taste, and luxury, combine, for the gratification of the senses, and the delight of the imagination.

(Concluded in next number.)



THE ANGEL GUIDE.

BY MISS LOUISE OLIVIA HUNTER.

"Heavenly guides go with us down Life's way,
Until we come unto that river's side,
Upon whose other bank, in light and love
We shall be as the Angels!"

Mortal! lift thy heart in gladness,
Let thy spirit thrill with pride,
Through Life's scenes of joy or sadness
Thou hast e'er an Angel Guide!

Wanderer from the "heavenly places,"
Bright one of a viewless train—
For its footsteps' slightest traces
Thou would'st search the world in vain.

Nor hath e'er its lute-tones mingled
With the carol of the bird,
Thou, to list that voice art singled—
Thou alone that strain hast heard.

To thy heart it warbles lowly,
On thy heart there deigns to rest
Footprints whose bright track is holy,
For they ne'er an earth-path pressed.

And a faithful vigil keeping,
It shall linger at thy side,
Joy or sorrow's harvest reaping
Ever as thy Angel Guide.

When thy careless footsteps wander
Into error's paths astray,
Lo! it strives the veil to sunder
That conceals the brighter way!

Should its warning be unheeded,
Ah! it moans 'neath sorrow's pain
That the service blest and needed,
Thus could meet with cold disdain!

Yes, its wings so sadly folding,
Doth the guide thy fault deplore,
Mortal! once that grief beholding,
Thou could'st never cause it more.

But if from the tempter's power
Thou dost shrink and brave the lure,
Nobly through each trial-hour
Keeping yet thy spirit pure:—

Then that Angel o'er thee bending
Folds thee in its dear embrace,
While its grateful prayer is wending
Heavenward to the Throne of Grace!

Thus a faithful vigil keeping,
It shall linger at thy side,
Joy or sorrow's harvest reaping
Ever as thy Angel Guide.

HINTS ON CONVERSATION.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

"The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison."

PERICLES.

FAMILIAR as the word is, true conversation is a great rarity. It implies a disinterested communion of thought, an interchange of ideas. It is essentially a play of the mind, but one that calls out the grace and vigor acquired in its severest toils. Most people of intelligence either argue or discourse; they find no pleasure in receiving your thought and carrying it forward, or increasing its volume, but accept it rather as a hint from which to start on a rhetorical survey, or an antagonist to exercise their logical skill. A celebrated English reviewer of the present day, is one of the most brilliant talkers in London society. His language and his information seem equally inexhaustible, and they absolutely inundate the listener; but, for this very reason, he is altogether unsatisfactory in conversation; for, in case his auditor has the energy to resist the impetuosity of manner and flood of words, and insists upon throwing in occasionally a thought of his own, the other party has recourse to argument. Thus he lectures with the weak, and fights logical battles with the strong, but converses with neither. His contact with the one is like that of the Nile with the Egyptian fields; and with the other, it exactly resembles the adroit, keen, and flashing encounter of a gentleman's foil. He must either communicate or oppose; but is incompetent to assimilate with, or felicitously draw out another's mind; and this is the secret charm of genuine conversation: for if we look narrowly at the process, the very distinction between it and the task of the professed advocate or clergyman is, that in conversation we are unconscious of the limits of our own part; there is so mutual an unfolding of the subject, such an identity of the mental action, that we can say with the poet,—

"It seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was his, and half of it was mine."

Indeed, the primal quality of conversation is its suggestiveness. It would otherwise be no more desirable than a sermon or a plea—a thing to be received and considered as a whole, instead of the gradually progressive current made up of tributary streams, which harmoniously

blend and flow onward. Perhaps there is no way in which conversation can be more clearly recognized as such, than by its effect. This is always refreshing. We are weary at a dull sermon, or irritated at a long speech, because the mind is forced to an inactive endurance, while in conversation, it is animated by having to respond as well as accept. Hence there are few more rational solaces for the ills of life than conversation. It acts almost magically upon some temperaments, diverting the mood, quickening the faculties, and giving elasticity to the spirits; for, like everything relating to human beings, conversation has its physiological relations; and it is partly because these are so vaguely realized, that its utility is unappreciated. I was struck with the remark of an eccentric physician, for one of whose patients I inquired. "Sir," he replied, "she needs gossip." It appeared the lady was living in a silent family, and found no vent for her repressed spirits in small-talk. A few chatty visitors were provided, and she was a new being. The volubility of the day has long been a staple idea for playwrights and cynics; but there is nothing truly characteristic in nature that is not justified by a general and wise law. Expression is a moral and physical necessity; discourage it entirely, and the mind is disordered or overthrown. Hence the controversies in regard to solitary confinement in prison discipline. Nearly all the tragic catastrophes of human life originate in baffled utterance. A deep feeling allowed to accumulate and centralize in the soul, without breathing itself in friendly conference, or song, or prayer, becomes so intense that it finally absorbs consciousness; hence fanaticism and insanity. Now the best hygiene for the mind is conversation. A painful idea or an emotion, when it is made objective by being talked over, loses in a great degree, its horror or its woe. There is exquisite nature in the desolate queen's adjuration,

"Come, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings."

But these are exigencies only. As a preventive to that unhealthy excess into which opinion

and sentiment are apt to run, when too much individualized and partially cherished, conversation is at once natural and effective. To the stagnant or overwrought brain, the stimulus of agreeable colloquy gives a wonderful relief. There is between speech and thought a relation far more complex than philosophy has yet discovered. From the inarticulate moan of an infant, to the most eloquent utterance of the poet, the growth and integrity of the mind is vitally associated with expression.

It is said that taciturn women are never healthy; and Congreve declares, in one of his comedies—"Once a man comes to his soliloquies, I give him up for gone"—an indirect tribute to the salubrity of free discussion. The "Noctes" of Wilson are the most successful attempts to give the zest of conversation to writing; but even those grow tedious occasionally, from the absence of the living voice and naturalness of suggestion; yet they convey an excellent idea of the relief which active minds experience in mere utterance. One sympathizes with the need of the shepherd to let off the poetical electricity harvested by his moorland reveries, and fancies him going back to his solitude with a less teeming brain and more quickened fancy.

Nature asserts herself with peculiar freedom in some persons, especially the candid, imaginative, and ardent. In the present state of society, it is difficult to say what safety-valve for these anti-conventionalists is available, except free utterance. In action, that formidable *duenna*, Respectability, checks impulse quite effectually; but as there must be a vent somewhere for the unaccepted yet constantly generated produce of her brain, it finds its way out through the tongue, and the most provoking of all auditors are the literal class. Those who have a natural incapacity for taking a joke, look solemn at the announcement of a daring speculation, and remain entrenched in the fortress of material propriety, while the speaker is revelling in the world of fancy. It is the rarest thing in life to meet with a fellow-creature whom influence does not, at some point, veto the play of our idiosyncrasies. It requires so much liberality of mind, such a quickness and breadth of sympathy, and thorough trust-worthiness, to be the recipient at once of the faith, the thought, and the humor of another, that most of us are driven, by necessity, into a kind of conversational eclecticism,—having a mood for each friend, and a phase of character ready to revolve in sight, according to the demands of every new companion. Shelley and Allston excelled in superstitious talk. Their ghost-stories affected the auditor, even if the circumstances were viewed with levity, on account of the spiritual insight which breathed from the narrative. The con-

versation of a distinguished living wit has been compared to the successive discharge of a lilliputian pack of artillery,—so apt, quick, and effective, in a small way, is his most incidental byway talk. The concealed bitterness of Swift's apparently good-natured conversation; the fine rhetoric of Burke's animated observations on a public question; the good sense of Reynolds in discussing a point of taste; are quite characteristic of the men, the order of their genius, and the spirit of their lives.

Shakspeare frequently realizes the connection between habitual speech and principles of action, or the *morale* of conversation. Thus *Octavia's* temperament is perfectly described by the fact cited, that she "is of a holy, cold, and still conversation." *Prince Henry* banishes *Falstaff* and his companions,

"Till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world."

"I praise God for you, sir," says another of his characters; "your reasons, at dinner, have been sharp and sententious, pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy." And *Hamlet* thus commends his friend:

"Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal."

The appliances so generally considered needful when people come together, in order to speed the time, is a glaring proof of the rarity of conversational gifts. Games of chance, tableaux, and dancing, are little more than substitutes for talk; and it has become an art in fashionable society, how to beguile the company. Hence the sumptuous entertainments which, in this republican land, to so large an extent prevent the most socially rich from entering the arena of what is called society; and yet, if we cast an observing glance upon the crowds at an assembly, their restlessness, forced merriment, and ill-concealed weariness, betray the insipidity of the occasion. It is difficult to recall the parties we have attended, such is their monotony and want of interest; but many an informal colloquy—the discussion around the fireside, or the casual discourse of a promenade, often leaves indelible and grateful impressions. The diplomacy of what may be called professional visiting, is fatal to bold utterance. We habitually exchange common-places. It seems inappropriate, and would be eccentric, to say anything very sincere or eloquent. Thus, to develop, we must have not only confidence in ourselves, but in our auditor. Agreeableness is the ideal of fashion; vanity the only feeling that under her espionage we can safely address. Hence the tactitian succeeds when the gifted

fail; and the atmosphere that sustains a butterfly unnerves the eagle.

If conversation be an art, like painting, and sculpture, and literature, it owes its most powerful charm to nature; and the least shade of formality or artifice destroys the effect of the best collocation of words. There is no affectation that so excites impatience as that of conversation. We can forgive it in manners and letter-writing far more easily; but to "talk like a book," is to abrogate, for the time being, the human interest which is the true privilege of speech. We cannot associate formal display with conversation, the very essence of which is spontaneity. In the memoirs of a French lady recently published, there is an anecdote which illustrates the ridiculous light in which the attempt to show off a person in conversation always results. A duchess who had chosen the lady in question as her friend, on account of her talents, used to introduce her thus: "This is the young lady *qui a un si grand esprit, qui sait tant de choses*;" then, *sotto voce*, to her protégée—"parlez! [she hesitates]—parlez un peu de religion!" Of course, a profound and embarrassed silence was always the consequence of this appeal; and the good duchess could only wonder how one who chatted away so brilliantly in her boudoir, remained mute when such desirable opportunities were given her to converse! This "trotting out" system reached its acme at a town in the West, where a literary gentleman from the North, being invited to a tea-party, when the company had all assembled, was horrified to hear the host ring a small bell and exclaim—"Hush, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. — is going to talk!"

The felicities of conversation are accidental. They must, as Webster says of eloquence, "exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion." Like the lions roaring in *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, really fine talking is extempore. Hence any trace of premeditation despoils it of freshness. Certain diners-out, assured of their company, provide themselves with apt quotations and conversational material adapted to the individuals, but it is more than probable that such forced introduction "plagues the inventor." Memorable conversation springs from a blending of earnestness and humor. It is like the gushing music of the sky-lark—a kind of irrepressible harmony of language and thought unconsciously emitted from an overflowing mind. The only available rule for effective discourse is self-forgetfulness; let the theme, the companion, the glow of the moment inspire, and a man of reflection or sentiment talks "far above singing." He is unawares an *improvisatore*, and says better things than he writes—we had almost said, than he thinks—for the presence of some individuals, or the local associations of the hour, so color and

uplift his thoughts, that they pass "into the life of things."

It is amusing to detect character in the vocabulary of each person. The adjectives habitually used, like the inscriptions on a thermometer, indicate the temperament. Genuine enthusiasts employ extreme phrases. To them there is no comparative degree. Everything is either hateful or glorious; and everybody either flat or interesting. A more subdued tone of feeling reveals itself in modified expressions, as "dull" and "agreeable;" and a dogmatist may be known, at once, by the emphatic words he so frequently uses, and the absence of all qualifying terms such as "perhaps" and "it may be." The conversation of acute men, like Hazlit, quickens the intellect; that of soulful natures, like Coleridge's, kindles the imagination; that of "good fellows," like Goldsmith, warms the heart. To impress, we must be in earnest; to amuse, it is only requisite to be kindly and fanciful. To a generous spirit, however, no discovery is so chilling as that of the selfish basis of a regard which begins and ends in the desire to be entertained. We can imagine no phase of life more melancholy than the barter of fine conversational powers for material advantage. It is the desecration of a noble gift. Such a biography as that of Hook, is sad beyond expression—depicting, as it does, a man of genius, isolated, physically exhausted, and aspiring, yet eking out existence by daily oblations of wit, to grace the banquets of the wealthy; and no more recognized beyond his vocation than the juggler or itinerant musician.

The hobby-talkers have been well satirized in modern novels—people who are living illustrations of Madame de Stael's remark, that "when we are much attached to our ideas we endeavor to connect every thing with them." Claude Halcro's constant references to his acquaintance with Dryden in Scott's *Pirate*, the rogue's available theory of cosmography in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and Mrs. Pipchin's allusions to her husband's loss in the Peruvian mines in *Dombey and Son*, are among the numerous instances. It really seems as if a class of persons are capable of familiarly entertaining but one idea, or being impressed with but one experience. Before the advent of these, life to them is a blank—after it, a reminiscence.

In regard to the questioning class, there is an observation in *Consuelo*, which we commend to their especial attention: "Curiosity is so closely allied to perfidy as to make the finest face look ugly." It also deforms the beauty of conversation when made its prevailing feature. It is a selfish inquisitorial spirit, which regards another chiefly as a repository of facts, or a subject for psychological experiment; delicacy and pride are, at once, and justly, offended, and

the free and sympathetic play of the mind repressed. Yet some persons seem unable to understand how it is possible to converse without unremitted interrogations, as if there were no such thing as thinking alone, regardless of scientific precision or personal facts. Another repulsive order of talkers are the shrewd—those whose only and constant aim it is “to make the worse appear the better reason.”

Tact is an essential principle of conversation; hence, the eastern metaphor which likens a word spoken in season, to “apples of gold in pictures of silver.” The time and the society must regulate the subject. We cannot wonder at the astonishment of a southern gentleman, to whom his quadrille partner at a New England ball abruptly said, as they *chasséd* to and fro, “don’t you doat upon Wordsworth?” Some people have a way of turning the most commonplace chit-chat into a dissertation. They get on stilts at once. Others, with a large organ of language, and indifferent reflective powers, send forth a torrent of words without consciously associating them with any thought. They are literally human parrots. The language they utter is derived from verbal memory; it comes from a sermon they have heard, or the observations of a wiser head, and is evolved with as little sense of its meaning as an automaton has of the syllables it is made to utter. The fluency and glibness of this class of talkers is apt to deceive not a few, who mistake command of language, or rather word-possession, for ability to think. The truth is, however, and mental philosophy of late years has exemplified it very clearly, that expression and mental force, sentiment and eloquence, but seldom bear a just proportion to each other; and this is the chief reason why we find so little good conversation. It is certain that we instinctively attach significance to human language—not for its ostensible meaning, but as it derives weight from our estimation of the wisdom and sincerity of the individual who speaks.

I was present at an animated discussion as to the comparative value of various accomplishments—as means of interesting women. Beauty had its advocates, the prestige of wealth or reputation, graces of manner, and tact in flattery; but he who sustained the claims of conversational power was victor in the argument. Talk has, indeed, its blandishments; thus *Iachimo* boasts to *Posthumous*—“With five times as much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress;” but as the representative of intellect, the exponent of character, conversation appeals to the noblest sympathies of woman’s heart. With how much natural truth and beauty this is unfolded in *Othello*. He acknowledges that he has not “those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have;” and yet, by the noble integrity of his utterance, by the

unconscious revelation of his brave and earnest feelings, in the narrative for which *Desdemona* gave him “a world of sighs,” there was a mighty spell, and one founded in reason as well as nature; for it is wisdom and courage which have the most legitimate attractions for the gentlest beings. There is something illusive in many of the recognized tests of intelligent manliness. The orator or the *litterateur*, by ingenuity, can often produce an impression wholly transcending his genuine calibre; but the instant application of judgment or fancy to the exigencies of the moment—the giving an opinion, expressing a sentiment, interpreting a truth, as occasion suggests, with the aid only of immediate reflection and unpremeditated language—is, after all, the most reliable evidence of an active and vigorous mind.

Landon has published several volumes of “Imaginary Conversations;” and although he seldom re-produces the verbal characteristics of the individuals, yet the mere bringing together men of opinions and experience so diverse gives us an admirable idea of the vast capabilities of conversation. In truth, the best parts of modern literature are based upon interlocution. The drama and the historical novel are essentially dialogues, invented by genius, to exhibit great sentiments or peerless action. The chief distinction between tragedy and comedy is, the existence of earnestness in the one and its absence in the other, which corresponds with that alternation between gravity and humor, which we have designated as the principle of all rich mental intercourse. It has been justly said, that “wit is the eloquence of indifference—the salt of conversation, not its food.”—The most satisfactory mental aliment is that derivable from a gloriously endowed living soul. The language of nature, however beautiful and sublime, is not personal or sympathetic; that of books is purely instructive, and only touches us by its assimilation with our conscious life; but conversation, when it is alive with the glow of fancy, enriched by wisdom, and sanctioned by confident regard, embodies and vitally represents, more directly than nature, literature, or art, what we are and would be.

The voice, as the medium of conversation, has no little share in its effects. There is a quality of voice, as well as a management of its tones, and this associates itself in our minds with pleasurable or repugnant sensations. To a nice ear, the quality of a voice is singularly affecting. Its depth seems to be allied to feeling; at least, the *contralto* notes alone give an adequate sense of pathos. They are born near the heart. What is called sweetness of voice is by no means an essential charm. On the contrary, if this quality predominates, it is often indicative of subtlety, because unnatural,

except under certain impulses. It is a questionable compliment, to declare one has an insinuating tone; for there is something unmanly, or at least affected, in the obvious endeavor to win, implied in a studied gentleness of intonation; whereas even a harsh voice is often more welcome, if its accents have a sustained and honest sound. Dr. Rush has minutely analyzed the vocal organs in his celebrated work on the *Philosophy of the Voice*, and intricate and beautiful as their mechanism is, its wonderful relation to the mind, as an exponent of character and states of feeling, is yet more worthy of consideration. One of the most startling evidences of mental aberration is conveyed in the sudden and blood-chilling alteration in a familiar voice—showing that the connection between it and reason has been severed. Intelligence is plainly revealed by the voice; its management betrays culture or the reverse, delicacy or rudeness of life, strength of will and fastidiousness of taste. It is an index which to a musical organization is rich in meaning. Lamartine, in his elaborate portrait of Charlotte Corday, says—‘the tone of her voice—that living echo which bespeaks the whole soul in a vibration of the air—left a deep and tender impression in the ear of those whom she addressed; and they spoke still of that tone ten years after as of remembered music.’

Independent of its quality, the voice affects us in conversation, as blended with the ideas unfolded, or the feelings aroused. Thus defects of speech, and lawless elocution, have an indefinable charm when associated with the tragic genius of Kean, the stammered wit of Lamb, or the caustic satire of Randolph. A certain thinness of voice often accompanies frivolity of character; a tremulous emphasis, like that of Channing, prolongs the tones of repressed sensibility; and generous people have a cordial tone which makes their greeting peculiarly winsome. There is no music like the voices of those we love; and their similarity in members of the same family, even through different generations, has been often remarked. It is very difficult to cultivate the voice without sacrificing its native peculiarities. The best performers are apt to become theatrical even in ordinary discourse—especially tragedians. The anecdotes related of Mrs. Siddons illustrate how rare it is to escape the habit of a measured utterance when long practised. One of the most fascinating charms of women of exquisite temperaments, is, a kind of delayed utterance—the very poetry of that dreamy mood in which beauty “pays tribute to care.” How often do we find a *naïve* spell in a lisp, or hesitancy, or in the faint trace of a brogue, or the singularity of a foreign accent!

It is not, therefore, in the mere perfection of the vocal instrument, but rather in the spirit and feeling that informs or attunes it, that we must seek what is delightful and characteristic in the human voice. This subtle element, the efflorescence and spirit of the mind, is very significantly recognized by Madame de Kalb’s remark of Jean Paul, “that the tone that his mind gave without conversation, was sweeter than the sounds of the harmonica.” Silence, indeed, is the nurse of rich expression, and when it descends upon a gifted soul, we feel as we do in gazing upon the brooding cloud or the fallow earth—a delicious sense of latent and forthcoming power; for the summer lightning is gathered slowly and in quietness; and fertilizing agencies are silently nursed in the field where no harvest yet waves. Expression, too, has its limits, and

“Full oft

Our thoughts drown speech, like to a foaming force
Which thunders, down the echo it creates:
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends and not how far it has been.”

There must be, indeed, a magnetic as well as an intelligent spirit in conversation to render it truly attractive. A well-stored mind, correct and fluent language, ready memory, and gracious manner combined, are yet inadequate—unless penetrated by that vital glow and thorough naturalness which makes the difference between humanity and an intellectual machine. Without a certain airiness the wisest talk is oppressive; without a degree of *abandon*, it is ungenial; without frankness and ease, it is artificial. Thus a moral beauty, a tone borrowed rather from the affections than the will, and a kind of childlike self-oblivion and play of thought—underlies and transfuses the best conversation. How rare is it that we encounter the requisite temperament, wit, enthusiasm, and liberality, which united give birth to so rational and felicitous a pleasure! We have scores of categorical talkers who, by a kind of vocal drainage, exhaust the brain and breath with questions; the aphoristic talkers, or Sir-Oracles, are found in every clique; the rattles, gossips, sentimentalists, Pickwickians, egotists, parlor orators, story-mongers, and Pecksniffs, may be heard buzzing at every party, until the announcement of supper checks the flood of words by an influx of oysters; but of healthy, sensible, yet genial and humorous talkers, what a dearth! The love of display, sterility of thought, insensibility to what is true, and beautiful, and candid, either freezes or makes shallow the stream, that, fed by the “immortal sea,” would either flow nobly or sparkle gaily, as it bears the willing mind along:

“Not an effort, not a will,
Yet proceeding swiftly still

'Tis to join in one sensation
Business both and contemplation ;
Active without toil or stress
Passive without listlessness."

The most usual conversational errors are that of dwelling upon details of no interest or importance, and that of indulging in personalities. It is astonishing how exclusive talk of this kind narrows the views. Far better to aspire than compromise in the encounter of mind—to forget petty cares in comprehensive ideas, material influences in random speculation, and self in "thoughts that wander through eternity." When we set aside the familiarity of the thing, what a noble image is man, in self-possessed and courteous dignity, giving utterance to bold opinion, or exquisite perception, loving fancies, or high emotion. Hear Longinus in the groves of Palmyra, Michael

Angelo in the Medicean garden, the statesmen and authors at Holland House, Madame Roland at the Concierge grate! Gather up the incense of wisdom and love breathed from the lips of the gifted and the true, lost in the passing air of transient feeling, or the clear, bright hours of spiritual illumination; summon back the music of those few haunting tones that have fallen on the heart, like prophecy, and come to it in dreams; imagine how often a thought has stirred "immortal longings,"—a word of recognition confirmed a sublime yet undecided purpose,—a word of sympathy opened a new vista to the desolate, that let in a prospect of heaven,—a word of truth fired a genius to write, or a man of action to do that which redeems a nation or a cause,—and some faint conception may be realized of the infinite possibilities of conversation!

FAREWELL TO THE PRAIRIES.

BY ERASMUS PERRY.

Alone I come forth, O ye bright-waving Prairies,
To gaze on you fondly and bid you adieu ;
With an eye that ne'er tires, and a heart that ne'er
varies,

In the joy that I know in communion with you :
Like the breezes and shadows which o'er you are fleeting
Have vanished the years that have passed since we
met ;

And the hour of our parting, and the hour of our meeting,
Are the hours of my life which I ne'er shall forget.

And when far from these wide-spreading meadows I'm
straying,

In the spirit I'll come and be with you again ;
As when in past days my heart's impulse obeying,
I gathered the flowers of this gentle domain ;
Or calmly walked forth, in the evening resplendent,
Devoutly to muse on the life that's to come,
While o'er me the stars, with their queenly attendant,
Seemed wooing me on to a lovelier home.

Ye Prairies, so fair! could you sympathy cherish,
You'd pity the pilgrim who sees you no more,—
No fond heart to love him, or care that he perish,
Afar from the hills of his own native shore :
In the scenes of thy coast, dark-rolling Atlantic,
My spirit would love to commingle again ;
When tempests provoke thee, and, raging and frantic,
A demon in torment thou shriekest in vain.

And here was the home of the wild wandering savage,
Here the bones of his fathers and children are laid ;
Here vainly he warred, amid murder and ravage,
And lingered, and shrieked to the Spirit for aid!—
No more may he come, with his spear and his arrow,
To his own—to his happy and cherished domain ;
O'er the trail and the grave pass the plough and the
harrow,
And the heart-broken red-man shall seek them in vain.

Ye free-roaming spirits of Prairie and forest !
In pity my bosom doth heave for your wrongs ,
O, God of our fathers ! thou the guilty abhorrest,
And the stroke must yet fall where it justly belongs ;

Ye were free, and as fleet as the winds which are
sweeping

O'er the ocean-like range of your wilderness-home ;—
And a land for those tribes may there yet be in keeping
That's fairer, and broader—in the world that's to come.

The fingers of Fancy shall fall from their weaving,
As startled she peers o'er this limitless range,
When the red-flames to Heaven in billows are heaving,
And brightness and darkness embraces exchange ;
And the far ocean rolls a response to the story
The fires of the Prairies at midnight proclaim—
That to God belong honor, dominion, and glory—
And they call the proud nations to reverence His
name.

In royal apparel, transcendently splendid,
With dignified aspect, see Autumn descend ;
And reverence and love in his features are blended.
And the thoughtful and wise on his counsels attend ;
I look on his peaceful and holy expression,
Which these solitudes only ever have seen,
And my soul bursts away, for a final digression,
From the world's crowded paths of the vicious and
mean.

How peaceful—how soft—is the landscape I'm leaving ;
'Tis a region of gentleness, beauty, and love ;
No dark barren hills, no cold ocean heaving,
The calm heart in wonder or terror to move :
And a spirit there is, that is tranquilly brooding
Like the atmosphere round me—and burdens my heart
With the feelings of childhood, when fancy is hooding
The dark and portentous of life's dreary chart.

Ye hearts of these tranquil and beautiful borders !
That ever in friendship have beaten for me—
To Him I commend you, whose omnipotence orders
The being of all that is lovely to see ;—
I give you my hand—with a prayer for a meeting
Where bliss and where beauty—where feelings and
flowers,
No more are imperfect, or fading, or fleeting,
But the scenes and the songs shall forever be ours !

GEORGE WASHINGTON, NO. II.

(See the Engraving.)

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

WE are told that when Washington was fourteen years of age a project was set on foot which well nigh changed the destiny of our hero and of the world. His eldest brother, Lawrence, was an English officer, and had fought gallantly at the siege of Carthage, and distinguished himself in several battles. Observing George's natural turn he obtained through Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, a midshipman's warrant for him. This appointment was considered highly fortunate by the family, and filled George with unbounded delight. His love of action and adventure could now be gratified to the full, while a career of glory and honor seemed open to his ardent imagination. It was evident that his mother was consulted respecting the appointment, and at first acquiesced in the plan. The situation, difficult to obtain for a young American, offered too many inducements to be slightly rejected, but when the time came for her son's departure her solicitude for his success in life gave way before the strength of maternal affection. To see her fair-haired boy, only fourteen years old, taken from her arms and consigned to the rough usage of sailors, to be rocked by the storms of the ocean, and exposed to all the corrupting influences of a sea life—nay, perhaps his youthful form wrecked on some lonely coast, or shattered by a cannon-ball in the fierce conflict, was more than she could bear. She knew his daring spirit too well, and though she loved his proud bearing, by her side, her heart told her that it would carry him into the thickest of the fight. We may well believe, also, that the temptations to immorality had great weight with her. She had implanted in him principles of truth, honor, and religion, and as he stood before her a virtuous and obedient son he promised to be a man of no common character, and it was too great a risk to let him drift away from her influence and thrown amid temptations few have been found able to resist. Besides, *she was a widow*, and he her eldest son, on whom in her old age she was to lean, and to whom she must look for the support of her young family. As all these things crowded upon her, backed by a mother's deep love, no wonder she at first hesitated and finally decided against the project.

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Mr. Jackson, a friend of the family, wrote to Lawrence Washington who had procured the appointment, saying, "I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep up to her first resolution. She seems to dislike George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest; and I find that one word against his going has more strength than ten for it."

To a practical business-man her sad forebodings, and greater fears of the wreck of the moral nature, seemed imaginary terrors.

She was continually beset by her friends, and we are told that George himself struggled hard to overcome her objections. How full of interest and of pathos must those interviews have been which took place between mother and son. On the one side were the strong desire for the worldly welfare and advancement of her child and sad forebodings and tender love warring in a mother's heart—and on the other, the bold and daring hopes and extravagant promises of the boy of fourteen—promises which the fond parent loved to hear, but which she knew were the offspring of boyish dreams and a warm imagination. We should love to have witnessed the last interview of all, and seen the caresses, and tears, and endearing appellations she showered on the noble-hearted boy, as at last, overcome by her entreaties and her fears, he threw his arms about her neck and promised never to leave her.

Not long after this he left school and went to live with his brother Lawrence, on the Potomac river. The latter had called his place Mount Vernon, in honor of Admiral Vernon under whom he had fought and who had interested himself so much in George's appointment. Here he devoted himself to mathematics. Having let the golden opportunity of securing fame pass by, there seemed nothing before him but the simple life of a farmer. But in his case the lines proved preëminently true:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them now we will."

We move along swayed by various motives and governed in the main by circumstances. Choice is left us, and we are at liberty to make

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it, and yet there seem instances in life where, without infringing on our free agency, an unseen power impels us inevitably toward a given point. To a believer in chance, how full of danger must that interval of suspense appear on which hung the future destiny of Washington. If he had entered the navy, he never would have been Commander-in-chief of the American forces nor the father of his country. Growing up away from those influences which made him so early a sympathizer and defender of the colonies, and in an atmosphere of deep loyalty to the king, he probably would have seen, at least at the outset, nothing but unnatural rebellion in our resistance to the mother country. As it was, he witnessed every step of oppression, and gradually grew into an uncompromising foe of the government under which he suffered. As an officer in the British service, he doubtless would, if stationed on our coast, have taken fire at the wrongs heaped on the land of his birth, and the outrages committed on our unoffending inhabitants, and his honest indignation at length overcome the obligation of honor which held him to his king, and he would have flung back in his face with scorn the commission he had received at his hands, and leaping into our midst, freely sacrificed himself in our behalf. But by that time other leaders would have occupied all places of trust in the army—other measures and other fortunes changed the current of our destiny.

Lee might have been Commander-in-chief, and *he* would have wrecked us first or last. If successful under some great leader till our independence was declared, who could have steadied us till we became consolidated into a government but Washington? What destinies then hung on that vacillating purpose?—as a naval officer, kept on foreign service while the war went on, or a late volunteer ignorant of

military tactics on land, he could have had but little influence on our struggle. Yet as doubtful as that decision seemed, it was as certain as the pen of fate could make it. In some cases "if's" amount to nothing. *If* the Israelites had all perished in the wilderness the bible would never have been written, but the causes necessary to secure such a result did not exist. *If* the leaky, miserable vessel that bore the Puritans to Plymouth Rock had been wrecked, the history of this country would doubtless have been totally different. As the May-flower rose and fell on the heavy storm-swell of the Atlantic her rotten sides gaping to the sea, and her shattered sails drifting to the gale, the chances that she would survive were few and trembling. But the wildest storm that ever swept the Atlantic could not have wrecked her, for God's hand was on her staggering form—his breath on her canvass. Every nail in her timbers was as sacred as the ark of the covenant—an angel sent on a great commission, she was sure to reach the shore.

If an adventurous pike had pierced Cromwell in the midst of the Revolution, the commonwealth of England would have been an air-bubble which the first touch bursts; and had the bayonet which entered Bonaparte's thigh at Toulon struck a few inches higher, Europe would not now be convulsed with men struggling for freedom; but a higher Being guarded their lives. They were sent to accomplish great ends, and so did Heaven stoop to sway the decision of the mother of Washington. Even the savage was compelled to recognize the protection of the Great Spirit, and refused to fire at him. Thus amid all the commotions of time—the overthrow of dynasties and empires, does "one Eternal thought move on the undisturbed affairs" of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

TO A—PLAYING THE HARP.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Ah! sure some happy, loving sprite
Within thy harp imprisoned dwells,
Whose heart, all thrilling with delight,
Beneath thy hand enraptured swells.
Close circled there in thine embrace,
She gently folds her filmy wings;
And pours with wild, entrancing grace,
Her ringing cadence o'er the strings.
The skaid, who at the feasts of old
Sat high above the foaming beer,
The sea-king's daring loudly told,
And smote the chords to notes of fear.
And they, the bards of thine own land,
Those masters of the mighty spell;

In camp and hall with vigorous hand,
To glory struck the sounding shell.
But thou whose touch along the wire
Such tones of 'wilderer rapture flings,
Hast waked, with "minstrel faith and fire,"
The soul of love within the strings.
Play on! for like the sun-god's light
That woke the Memnon's lyre of stone,
Thy hand hath strung my heart to night
With chords all answering to thine own.
The poet's every burning line
May warm our veins with wondrous thrill,
But ah! the master-art is thine,
To soothe and sway the soul at will.



THE CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

BY MISS AGNES L. GORDON.

OLD Seth Sloane *was* an enviable person, that was a fact universally conceded; for he possessed the snuggest and most substantial cottage, the most orderly and well-stocked farm, and the prettiest daughter in all Allerton.

Neighbor Sloane himself was a hale, hearty farmer, with a frank, benevolent countenance, embrowned with the sun of more than sixty summers, a soft heart, a hard hand, and a will as inflexible as the iron of his ploughshare, when he believed himself in the right (an opinion, it must be confessed, that he generally indulged), yet often concealing beneath a severe manner the most kindly and generous impulses. His wife, we cannot say with truth his "better half" where both halves were equally good in their way, was just the person of all others best suited to him, with a disposition all sunshine, a heart all tenderness, and a will plastic as wax, and always moulded after his own. They had dwelt together in perfect harmony for nearly half a century, and it was a right pleasant sight to see the old couple walking arm in arm to church on a bright Sabbath morning; the good farmer, in blue coat with large brass buttons, his grey hair brushed back from his broad forehead, and his sunburnt face shining with good nature, in its happy emancipation from the beard that for six days was allowed to encroach upon it; while the

clear blue eye smiled recognition to friends and neighbors.

The old lady walked demurely at his side, with her prayer-book neatly folded in a snowy handkerchief, while before them, with some chosen companion, strolled their daughter Minnie.

Charming Minnie Sloane! what a bright contrast her sunny loveliness afforded to her aged parents; she seemed like a young shoot grafted on a venerable tree. With her little graceful form, frank sweet face, and heart full of innocent gaiety, ever gushing forth like a fountain in the sunshine, no wonder she was the village belle, the "observed of all observers." But vanity held no place in the breast of lovely Minnie Sloane, she found her delight in ministering to the happiness of others, and while in one heart at least she reigned supreme, she made the sunlight of her parents' home.

Of the many children who had once lisped at the knee of good Dame Sloane, only four remained. Two were long since married, and settled miles away from the old homestead, and the third, the twin-born with Minnie, he who had divided their parents' love with her, and who of all the sons had been the best beloved, was now a voluntary alien from his home.

James Sloane was ever a daring, enterprising boy, and as he grew towards manhood,

evinced a longing for the sea, which his stern father forbade him to indulge, intending him to inherit his own occupation and estate. But as all forbidden indulgences acquire new attractions, so did James brood over his desire until it became a passion; and to Minnie alone, his beloved sister, did he unfold his thoughts. He told her, as they walked together in the silent woods, of the beautiful lands he had read of, and painted with youthful ardor the delight of visiting them, until Minnie herself shared his enthusiasm, and wondered at her father's stern refusal when she ventured to plead for her brother.

One bright morning, when the family assembled, James could nowhere be found. He had taken his clothing, and left his home, impelled to the rash step, perhaps, by the harshness of his father, who had treated him with severity and displeasure, since he persisted in his headstrong folly, as the old man termed it. A letter begging forgiveness was on the little table in his mother's room, and a group of forget-me-nots lay on Minnie's pillow, when she awoke; but no farewell had been spoken, and not even to his twin-sister had he entrusted the secret of his departure. This was the most withering grief that had ever fallen upon the old couple; death had culled many from their household circle, and they bowed in resignation to the All-wise will; but this act of open rebellion was so inexcusable, so unexpected, it completely stunned them.

Never from the day of his flight was the name of his son mentioned by old Seth Sloane, nor would he suffer or make any allusion to him, save only on Christmas-day, when the whole family assembled from miles, beneath the old roof-tree; and then, when the old man arose to pledge "the absent and unforgotten," his voice would tremble, and an involuntary glance of each guest towards the vacant chair, always there in its accustomed place, told how they felt, and appreciated the sentiment. Four Christmas days had come and gone, since the truant boy left his father's house, and a fifth was rapidly approaching; a day, had he been there, of double festivity, as on it he would have attained his majority of twenty-one, the time the old farmer had decided upon bestowing the management of his affairs upon him. But whether in distant climes he thought of home, or slept the long and dreamless sleep, was unknown to those who loved him best. The letter he had written to his mother was worn with her kisses and blistered with tears, and carefully were the forget-me-nots treasured by his sister Minnie; but the mother's heart was weary with hope deferred, and never did a day elapse without her fervent prayers ascending for the absent and beloved; and who can say, whether that mother's prayers

had not hovered near him, like protecting angels, guarding him from danger, and guiding him from sin? The forget-me-nots were long since faded; but the memory of that well beloved brother, lived fresh in Minnie's heart, and with youthful buoyancy of spirit she yet expected his glad return.

It was Christmas eve; and just such a night as good old Santa Claus loves; clear, cold, and sparkling, with the uncrushed snow lying thick upon the ground, and destroying the outline of the low fences, for the snow seems to be fond of the rights of equality, and is a great leveller. The stars seemed to shine rejoicing, and the whole country, for miles around, looked like a vast Christmas cake iced for the occasion. The snow had fallen steadily for two days on the frozen earth, and gave promise of glorious sleighing on the morrow. There were various preparations going on, in all the domiciles, for the coming holiday, but no household had been more busily engaged, than that of good Dame Sloane. Such scouring and polishing! one might be justified in supposing it only occurred once a year, for it seemed a part of the old lady's domestic economy, that a holiday should be paid for in advance by a week of hard labor, and the old homestead, always as neat as possible, had an extra gloss on this occasion.

The parlor, or best room, was tastefully ornamented with fresh bunches of holly, and the fire-place shone resplendent in brass fire-irons and freshly painted hearth. But the store-room was enough to have created an appetite, by the very temptingness of the home-made delicacies there displayed. Such rows of mince and apple-pies; such jars of dough-nuts and krullers; such festoons of sausages; to say nothing of turkies, geese, and other devoted creatures, all ready stuffed and pinioned, and seeming to wait impatiently the hour of roasting. With cranberry and currant jellies, set in forms, and great baskets of apples and delicious December pears, with rough, unpromising coats, but ripe and melting within; as were most delightful to see, and delectable to taste, giving rich promise of the festivities in store.

It was Christmas eve, as I have said, and the family group were assembled in the large kitchen, generally the most comfortable apartment of a country farm-house. And it was a cozy kitchen to be sure; and if you had chanced to pass on that cold, clear night, the snow crackling beneath your feet, and Jack Frost busily engaged forming your breath into little pellets of ice, therewith bedecking your hair and muffler; and if you had then seen the mellow glow from the small deep casements gleaming far out upon the road, every pane twinkling and blinking from the reflection of the fire-

light within, like merry, bright eyes, bidding you welcome, you would have been strongly tempted to claim the hospitality of the old house, and right sure you might have been of a warm reception. There, on either side of the broad hospitable hearth, sat the farmer and his wife, a second Darby and Joan, he indulging in long whiffs from a pipe, almost as venerable as himself; and the good old lady, fatigued with her day of bustle, enjoying a nap in her chair; while between them, on a low stool, sat bright-eyed Minnie, polishing a basket of apples, and endeavoring to make their ripe, red cheeks rival her own.

The fire blazed and crackled merrily, and went roaring up the broad chimney, in a perfect ecstasy of holiday rapture; and little bright coals kept popping out upon the hearth, at the imminent risk of old pussy's smooth coat, as she lazily winked at the boisterous flame, as though perfectly appreciating its Christmas jokes; and the blaze flickered on the polished tables and the bright tin and copper utensils, as though delighted to see itself reflected in so many grotesque mirrors; and altogether it was a scene of quiet comfort a weary traveller might well wish to join. Whether any one *had* peeped in at the window and indulged this natural wish, I cannot tell; but certainly there *did* come a strong, loud knock at the back door, which Minnie hastened to open, wondering who could be there, while old Seth withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and ejaculating "Santa Claus," fell to smoking more vigorously than ever.

When Minnie opened the door, she thought for an instant that the good old patron saint had come bodily to visit them; for there upon the threshold stood a man, bending beneath the weight of a pack which he carried on his shoulders, and who asked, in a voice somewhat husky, permission to rest there for the night. Minnie hesitated, for a strange suspicious feeling crept about her heart; but a hearty "Come in, and welcome," from her father, who had overheard the colloquy, decided the matter; and the traveller, walking firmly into the kitchen, deposited his pack in the corner, and accepted the seat which the old lady, aroused from her slumbers, hastened to offer.

He was a strongly built, athletic man, of what age it was impossible to decide, for he looked weather-worn and weary; his coarse, black hair was matted about his head, and his beard was rough and unshaven. He was a travelling tinker, he said, and had trudged a long distance that day; he had missed the road, in consequence of the snow; and begged only the hospitality of the night, intending to start at daybreak next morning.

The old farmer soon fell into social talk with

him, and unpromising as the wayfarer's appearance might be, there was a charm about his voice, so strong and frank and manly, that the old lady listened intently to the various subjects touched upon, and sometimes shook her head, and sighed softly to herself, as if some haunting memories oppressed her. Did you never feel the magic of a human voice? there are some tones that seem to stir up the hidden depths of the heart with the power of music, and impel you with mysterious influence towards their possessor. If a low, soft voice is an excellent thing in woman; so is a clear, melodious, strong voice in man; it impresses us as favorably as a frank, open countenance, and rarely, if ever, deceives.

This charm the stranger certainly possessed, and even Minnie felt her suspicious fears thawing beneath its influence, and began to believe that the tinker's parcel, unlike the terrible "long pack," contained nothing more dangerous than the articles of his trade, and that the tin pans and collenders strung outside were fair samples of the contents within;—when the group was increased by the arrival of another visitor, who was warmly greeted, and who seated himself with the familiarity of a privileged person at Minnie's side, and began in a low voice, questioning her as to the stranger's business.

It did not require a very scrutinizing eye to discover at once the relation between lovely Minnie Sloane and the new comer. Indeed, it was an understood fact that the neat, strong cottage, which young Mark Wilmot had just finished building, would not long remain untenanted, but would soon claim as its mistress the village belle. And while many envied the fortunate winner of so fair a prize, none denied his entire worthiness to possess it; for Mark and Minnie had grown from childhood together, and to the former alone had Minnie's truant brother confided his intention of going to sea.

Young Mark Wilmot watched the tinker with no favorable eye, and his gaze was returned with interest; indeed, the stranger seemed to be taking a thorough survey of the apartment; and he cast many long and furtive glances towards Minnie, which made Mark somewhat indignant. When the hour for departure arrived, he contrived in going out to stumble over the tinker's pack, and in recovering himself felt that it contained different articles from tin ware, for its contents were pliant, and evidently consisted of fabric very unlike what it pretended to be. This was suspicious, and he determined to wait a while outside of the house, braving the cold, and watch the motions of the uninvited guest. There had been one or two daring robberies committed about the country of late, and Mark Wilmot's anxiety was therefore excusable.

The last whispered "good night" was spoken, and Minnie closed the door upon her lover, who, buttoning his coat close about him, stationed himself in an angle of the house, commanding an oblique view of the kitchen he had left.

It was cold comfort certainly to stand out on the frozen snow and watch the warm group within; but there was something mysterious about that travelling tinker—he did not look his profession, and Mark was determined to watch his movements. He saw the old lady leave the room, probably to give necessary directions concerning her unexpected guest's comfort; but many minutes elapsed, and Mark began to feel the influence of the cold—a drowsiness crept over him; and when a consciousness of slipping aroused him, he looked eagerly toward the window, and there upon the wall distinctly saw the outline of Minnie's form, with her arms about the neck of the travelling tinker! He started forward, stumbled and fell; when he recovered himself the windows were dark; and so, cold and bewildered, not knowing whether he had been dreaming or not, he turned towards his home almost doubting his own identity.

Christmas morn arose, just as it should have done, though not very early, yet assuredly most bright. The icicles hung like dropping diamonds from the leafless boughs, the untrodden snow flashed like crystal in the sun; and the chiming of merry sleigh bells rang out on the clear frosty air, while the hearty exchange of Christmas greetings between different parties echoed from hill to hill.

The services of the day were over, and the little village church was left alone in all the glory of its tasteful adornment of evergreens; groups of invited guests were gathering under hospitable roofs, with hearty greetings, and great stamping of feet to rid them of superfluous snow, very much to the detriment of the clean floors, polished with so much care for the occasion; and now smoking dishes are on the tables, and good cheer and merriment abide in every house.

A large party had assembled at the bounteous board of old Seth Sloane. There were the married sons with their families, who always came from their homes miles away, to spend the Christmas beneath the old roof-tree; and there were young grand-children and cousins a goodly number, and Mark Wilmot and a few others, who claimed only the privilege of friends as guests.

The travelling tinker had disappeared before the family were stirring, leaving some tinware in return for the hospitality he had received; but it was remarkable that Minnie insisted on arranging the apartment he had oc-

cupied with her own hands, and spite of her many duties on that busy morning, had spent more than an hour within it; she wore an excited look, too; but no one had time to notice this amid the bustle that prevailed.

Such a dinner as was there prepared would have put the far-famed aldermanic feasts to shame. To say the table groaned under the weight of edibles it supported, would scarce be just; because it had served on similar occasions for very many years, and was entirely too well-bred to utter so inharmonious a sound at a season of such festivity; but this I do say, that a weak, modern table might well have sunk beneath its burden; it was only a heart of oak, seasoned by a score of years, spent in the service, that could support the savory and numerous viands that seemed anxious to crowd each other out of the way, emulous of the honor of being first eaten. The grace had been devoutly said, and the old farmer rose to give his accustomed toast: "The absent and forgotten;" but whether the recollection of this being his absent son's twenty-first birth-day awoke a deeper tenderness in the father's heart; or whether his displeasure had burnt itself out, cannot be told; but he unexpectedly added, "On this day our absent son attains man's estate, I drink his health if he be living, and would he were here to redeem the pledge." As he spoke, his eye rested mechanically on the usually vacant chair next to Minnie, and there, with his head bent forward, sat the impudent travelling tinker!

Every glass was stopped on its passage to drink the toast, every eye looked astonishment. Mark Wilmot started from his seat, and the old farmer knit his brows in anger; when the tinker suddenly rose:

"He is here to beg forgiveness," he said: and in an instant James Sloane was kneeling with his face buried in his mother's lap, and his father's hands clasped in blessing above his head; while Minnie laughed and cried, by turns; and Mark, quite forgetful of his suspicions, sprang forward, and warmly grasped his hand.

There, tossed on the floor, lay the tangled black wig, and his own brown curls clustered around his frank, sun-browned face, no longer disguised by an unshorn beard, but beaming with happiness.

It was, to be sure, exceedingly rude to interrupt the course of the feast in so unceremonious a manner, and keep the hungry guests in suspense while the good cheer cooled before them. But it was all Minnie's doings—she had planned the scene when her brother revealed himself to her on the preceding evening, and Mark Wilmot had not dreamed when he saw her embrace the travelling tinker. The cunning gipsy well knew why her father's heart

softened most towards his truant son, and believing that joy never kills, did not fear the effect of the surprise on her mother.

Shall we tell how, when the first glad shock was over, the dinner gaily proceeded, and great foaming tankards of ale and enormous mugs of cider were emptied in commemoration of the prodigal's return; and how Mark Wilmot related his suspicious watching amid the laughing applause of his hearers: how the neat sailor toilet explained the mystery of Minnie's officiating duties in the room of the travelling tinker—and how the mysterious pack was opened and found to contain certain sundry keepsakes and presents for the dear ones at

home—while poor James Sloane was overpowered with questions of what he had seen and heard, and what befel him during his absence, at the expense of appetite and dinner. Of all these things we say nothing, for who can believe that the Christmas gathering was not more joyous than the lost sheep was found? The one dark shadow heretofore resting on the day of rejoicing was removed; and while James Sloane, seated between his parents, seemed overcome with exceeding joy, the gaze of the couple rested fondly upon him, as they said in their grateful hearts, "This our son was dead and is alive again, was lost, and is found."

DECEMBER, 1848.

FLOWER-TEACHINGS.

MRS. S. C. B. THOMSON.

'Tis not *lost time* to steal from graver things
Awhile away, and muse among the flowers!
Is there not wrought, in every tiny leaf,
Undying truth for the reflective mind?
Are they not eloquent tho' void of speech—
Suggestive to the soul of higher things,
More lofty uses, and more noble ends
Than earth's best and highest? Methinks they are.
The heart is led to Him who bade them spring
From nothingness to glorious life—who gave
To each its own sweet time to bud and bloom—
Its own kind mission to fulfil on earth—
Its time to fade and die.

There is a voice
That speaketh to the inner ear sweet words
Of cheering hope, and lowly trust that He
Who bade them spring from earth, and clothed each leaf
FAIR-HAVEN, CONN.

With grace and beauty rare—hath the same power
To raise us from the dust to live again.

Heart-comforters are ye, bright flowers, and much
I love ye for your gentle ministry,
And for the ample harvest of sweet thoughts
My soul hath garnered in for after use.
When sad from Life's o'erburdening ills, my heart
Doth strength and courage gain from flowers that dare
The angry storm, and still, with smiling brow,
Look up through tears to Heaven; thus would I learn
To look, through clouds or sorrow, up to God,
And gain from fading leaf and drooping flower
The wisdom of a better love than marks
The schools of men—that wisdom which, heart-learned,
Dims not the eye and leaves upon the brow
No marks of age. Ah, would that we were prompt
To learn the lessons they are prone to teach!

TO A YOUNG LADY OF GENIUS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE Spirit of poetry lives in light,
His course is high as the eagle's flight;
To the source of fire he turns his eye
As he soars and is lost in the deep, blue sky—
And brightness and beauty are round him thrown,
Like stars that gleam in the burning zone.

His wing o'ershadows thee, gifted one—
Thou lovest the smile of the rising sun—
And to stand and gaze on the crimson West
As the Day-god sinks to his evening rest.
And when o'er thee bendeth the sapphire Night
Thou wouldst float afar to its isles so bright.

Thou lovest the ocean calm and mild,
Or when its billows are tossing wild—
Longing to sail on its green expanse

When fairy ships to the breezes dance,
Or to speed away where the tempests roam
Spectral and white through the sheeted foam

Thou art not formed of the common clay—
Thy spirit's lamp sheds a fadeless ray
Like that which burns with a vestal flame
And will forever burn on the same—
Fed with the oil of virtue and truth
Drawn from the fountain of spotless youth.

Thy life is yet in its day-spring time,
Like morning's sweetest and earliest prime—
A creature of love to earth thou art flown—
A gleam of joy on our pathway thrown,
A lovely rose amid sister flowers—
Long may'st thou bloom in this world of ours!

THE MEETING OF ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

(See the Engraving.)

BY THE EDITOR.

THE beautiful plate which the reader has just looked on, commemorates one of the most dramatic scenes of our War of Independence. That dark and terrible conspiracy, which has made West Point and the shores of the Hudson the enchanted ground of the Revolution, we need not here recount; it is familiarly known to our readers.

But one should never forget that a thousand new readers are every day learning the story of "the American Traitor" for the first time, and the engraving we publish with a brief description of the scene, may go to mingle its touching moral with "the web and woof" of a thousand patriotic hearts. There are some facts which cannot be too often told—there are periods in our history which cannot be too often dwelt on—for every time we recur to them we feel new ardor in the holy cause of Freedom; and the recollection of the heroic sufferings and triumphs of our fathers, as they were marching sternly through the dark days of the Revolution, inspires us with new veneration for their names.

The hour was at last come when the Traitor, who had been eighteen months maturing his infernal purpose, was to betray his country.

He was a *bold* traitor—for he was consummating his work in the very presence of the Father of Liberty—Count Rochambeau was in Hartford, and Washington was crossing the North River with his suite to meet him. Arnold went in his barge from West Point to King's Ferry to escort the Commander-in-Chief over the river. It was the 18th of September—the party were launched upon the Hudson in Arnold's barge—the *Vulture* was lying in full view, not seven miles off. Washington held his glass steadily to his eye, and spake in a low tone to one of his officers. The adder in Arnold's bosom started! Another incident occurred. The squadron of the Admiral Count de Giuchen was expected on the coast—Lafayette, in a tone of pleasantry, said to Arnold:

"General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy (alluding to the intercourse between West Point, where Arnold commanded, and New York, by means of the river) you must

ascertain, as soon as you can, what has become of Giuchen."

Arnold, startled and half thrown from his guard, demanded what he meant? A moment more, and the argus-eye of the Chief might have detected the conspiracy; but the boat reached the shore, and the Commander stepped off.

Arnold attended the party to Peekskill, where they all passed the night. Early the next morning, Washington went on to Hartford, and the Traitor stood and saw his majestic form disappear behind a turn of the road. He breathed free for the first time in twenty-four hours! He must have felt as Satan did when the guardian angel left the Garden of Eden, and our first parents went to their fatal repose!

He had arranged his meeting with André—a gallant and a gentle name—which suggests to our minds all that is noble in heroism, beautiful in art, and touching in suffering. This brave and gifted young officer, one of the most generous of all his countrymen, whose fate it was to mingle in that inglorious crusade against freedom, had set out from New York on the morning of the 20th for the meeting; and reached the *Vulture* at seven o'clock in the evening.

Arnold was to have gone on board the English man-of-war; but at the last moment (if not before) he resolved not to trust himself in the hands of his *friends*—he arranged the meeting on shore, and André was to come *there*.

There was an American—Joshua H. Smith—who lived on the western shore of the Hudson, who became, what charity allows, if not requires us to believe, the unconscious instrument of Arnold's treachery. Smith's house was to be the place where the final scene of this villainy was enacted. Only two days before Washington crossed the river, Mrs. Arnold, the gay and beautiful wife of the traitor, had passed the night there, and Arnold had gone down to meet her. She was ignorant of the cowardly plot of her husband; nor did the sight of that beautiful young mother and her tender babe, whom he was to cover with infamy, weaken his purpose.

During this visit he had persuaded Smith, under various patriotic pretexts, to allow the

interview between him and André to take place at his house. The family was removed.

The night came, and Arnold was on the spot. He sent Smith off with two oarsmen, the Colquhoun brothers, who could be induced to go only by the threats and promises of Arnold. They were fired into by the guard boats from shore, and had to put back. André passed an anxious night on board the *Vulture*, waiting Arnold or his messenger. On the morning a flag of truce came off, and definite arrangements were made for André to be taken on shore that night. To remove all difficulty in passing the American guard-boats, the countersign of "Congress" had been fixed on.

When Smith and the boatmen reached the landing, where their boat lay, the oars were muffled by Arnold's direction. It was a serene night—too calm for the death-drama playing. There was no ripple on the bosom of the Hudson; the boat swept noiselessly over the lake-like river (very wide in that part), and met with no obstacle till it was hailed by a hoarse seaman from the dark hulk of the *Vulture*. Half an hour afterwards, a tall, chivalric form of a young Englishman, in the dashing uniform of an Adjutant General (but so enveloped with a blue over-coat that no portion of his military costume could be seen), passed down the side of the *Vulture*, and Smith entered the boat with the mysterious stranger; the same brothers dropped their muffled oars into the water. The party sat, each in his place, each knowing well his own business, no one knowing his neighbor's, silent. They landed at the base of a mountain many of our readers have seen on the western side of the Hudson, about six miles from Stony Point, called Long Clove.

Arnold had ridden to this place on horseback from Smith's house, with one of Smith's servants for a guide on another horse. Smith himself came up the bank groping his dark way, and found Arnold hid in the thicket of a brush. He descended to the boat, and conducted André to the spot.

They met—the willing traitor and the unwilling hero—the one "cool as an accustomed devil," (as Dante says), the other half timid; not of danger, but something worse, dishonor.

Hour after hour passed by, it may have been rapidly or slow to the plotters—for sometimes neither the good nor the evil note the march of time; but they were long to the suspecting half-sick man who waited for this strange interview to end—he could wait no longer. He approached the two: they started, for plotting men are afraid of any noise—"It is I," said he, "and the night is nearly gone; ye will look badly here by day-light." Smith would wait no longer, and his boatmen were told they might go home.

The work of conspiracy was not yet fully

concerted—day-light, that unwelcome spy of the villain, was at hand, and Arnold proposed to his confidant to ride with him to Smith's house. He hesitated, but at length acceded to the request, and went. He felt a shock, as a ride of a few miles brought him to the American lines; for through the darkness was heard the voice of the sentinel, demanding of the horsemen the countersign. He was now completely in the power of a *traitor* to his country; he who would betray his country, might betray *him*! A shudder went through him. But it was too late to turn back—his destiny was fixed.

The two horsemen rode up to Smith's house, just as day-light began to fret the eastern sky. Here, in a room by themselves, without even a listener, the work went on.

The roar of heavy cannon came down the river, and reverberated among the hills. Both sprang to the window! They looked off on the Hudson, and the *Vulture* seemed to be wrapped in flames! They fixed their eyes steadily upon the spot, and as they saw the black shot of Col. Livingston's guns flying towards the ship, and her own flying towards the shore, all was explained: the *Vulture* was too near—she lifted her anchor, and dropped farther down the river. André looked on the scene with anxiety. At last the firing ceased, and he resumed his seat with his usual composure, and *the plot moved on*.

Daylight had flooded the hills, and the rising sun began to roll the mist-clouds off from the bosom of the river. Smith called the conspirators to breakfast; and he ate at the same table. They talked blindly (as Arnold had for months carried on his correspondence under the commercial guise), of a matter of bargain and sale. Poor Smith wondered, but he understood nothing.

The conspirators are again in that upper chamber, and *the plot goes on*. It goes slow—for Sir Henry Clinton must bid high, for treason like Arnold's. Was he not an American General? Had he not been put in command of West Point—that almost forlorn hope of freedom—by Washington? Was he not yet suffering from occasional twinges of pain, that shot off from wounds he had received in the service of the country he was now betraying? Did he not walk boldly up to a gallows? Did he not stare infamy in the face, and look it down? It ought to have been a large amount; England had spent generous and heroic lives enough, during five years of fraternal blood; she could pay well, if by one bold stroke, she could reach the goal for which she had been straining nerve, muscle, and steel. Sir Henry Clinton said to the ministers, "the plan should be pursued at any price"—Arnold wanted money: he must be paid well.

What passed in that upper chamber, all through that calm autumn day, on the magical shores of the Hudson, in that bland September month, we can only conjecture. We know that all through that balmy day—more bland than even September-Hudson-days usually are, just to show the contrast between pure, truthful nature, and foul, lying man—there sat a proud, generous, blushing young hero, who would have died a thousand deaths for his king and country, but who felt that fate had been too cruel, in making him play the part he had now to act; with a heart pure enough to love a beautiful maiden, away in one of England's sweet valleys, who cherished his memory, and would hide her blanched face in her hands, if she knew what her lover was doing *then*, away on the wild banks of that splendid river. And in the same chamber, across the table that was covered with maps and plans of West Point, and writings in a half-disguised hand, sat a seared villain; who had never blushed since his boyhood, when, on the banks of the fine river that courses down from its green Connecticut hills, and flows by Norwich, he used to hunt robin-red-breasts' nests and torture their young, to see the gentle mothers flutter around the murderer's head, and utter discordant suffering-birds' prayers to spare their young—his boyhood, when he used to gather up all the broken phials of a drug-shop and cast them on to the side-walk, to see poor shoeless boys who came by, cut and poison their feet, as they ran on with light hearts to their sports! He had travelled far on the road of life covered with dust; he had gone bravely over Canada snows, and through southern heats, the most daring of the brave; but among the ices of the North, and through the smoke of battle, and in the shout of victory, and even in the presence of Washington, he had carried the same villain heart in his bosom. He who had delighted, when a boy, to hear the cry of the red-breast over the murder of her little birds, now thought with exulting gladness of the shriek that would be wrung from the bosom of Liberty, when Freedom expired!

There are some scenes it is well for us not to witness; they would make us dread the earth. What a sight to gaze on the suffering, pale face of the gallant young André, blanched and recoiling from the demon glare of Arnold the Traitor!

The plot was finished! Liberty was sold! At ten o'clock that night, if one had looked into that room, he would have seen the generous, humiliated André conceal in his stockings under the soles of his feet, several papers. He drew on his boots, he had the death-warrant of Liberty in them, and he wore it as he should—he trod upon it.

André must now return to New York, for his work was done. How should he go? Arnold had returned to West Point in his barge: Smith would not take André back to the *Vulture*: there was no other way for him to get back to New York but by land. Knowing it to be impossible to avoid detection in his military dress, he obtained a coat in exchange from Smith. They set out, crossing the river at Verplanck's Point.

We need not tell the rest of this sad tale:—every reader knows that he fell into the hands of three patriotic men who loved liberty better than gold; that Washington met the young hero's death-warrant with tears; that André died a brave man!

And his tomb is where priests, sages, heroes, and kings sleep; by the side of the great and gifted of his country—in the Pantheon of England—Westminster Abbey. Every American who visits it, stops by his tomb to read the inscription which a grateful king put over his grave. The monument is of statuary marble, and the figures were cut by Van Gelder. On a moulded panel, base, and plinth, stands a sarcophagus on which is inscribed:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
MAJOR ANDRÉ,

who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant-general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a victim to his zeal for his king and country, the 2nd of October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes,—his gracious sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected. The remains of the said Major André were deposited on the 28th of November, 1821, in a grave near this monument."

We will cast a single glance on the dark path of Arnold after he had betrayed his country.

He fled from his post, and took refuge under the flag he had so long fought against. Anxious to distinguish himself in the field and wipe out the deep stain upon his name, he solicited and obtained a command in Virginia; but two men were sent to watch him by the British General!

His Virginia expedition failed. He projected another; it was against his birth-place—his early neighbors and associates. It was to plunder the public stores of New London—feebly defended by Forts Griswold and Trumbull at the mouth of the Thames.

Landing from Long Island he sent a division of his troops against Fort Griswold: they took it and entered New London. The town was reduced to ashes: vessels were burned: the

brave Col. Ledyard was slain by his own sword after he had surrendered, and his companions butchered in cold blood. Now was the hour for the Traitor to complete his life of infamy! while the town where he used to play in his boyhood was burning, he stood in the belfry of a church of God, and looked exultingly on the conflagration!

This was the last exploit of the Traitor in his native land. He could henceforth live only in the nation whose gold had paid him for his treachery. He sailed for England. He entered London with a letter of introduction from Sir Henry Clinton to Lord George Germain.

When the petition for a bill authorizing peace with America was presented to the king by Parliament, the *Traitor* was standing near the throne, "apparently in high favor with his Majesty. Lord Lauderdale is reported to have declared, on returning to the House, 'that, however gracious might be the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding his Majesty supported by a Traitor.'" But his Lordship should have found no fault with this spectacle. It was a *tableau* befitting the occasion—

where else should the man who had betrayed the Republic find shelter, if not under the sceptre of a king whose gold had paid him for his villain work? It was in fact the *only* spot where the wretch could stand with security.

Lord Surrey, on another occasion, rose to speak in Parliament—glancing his eye round the gallery he saw Arnold; pointing towards him the finger of scorn, he exclaimed: "I will *not* speak while that man is in the House."

The mark of Cain was on the brow of the Traitor, and he carried it to his grave. Wherever he went men read. In England, in St. John's, in Gaudaloupe—all through his restless, wandering life, it followed him still. He lived to see the young Republic he had betrayed emerge from the gloom of her long struggle into wealth, power, and splendor; and left it advancing on to empire as he went darkling down to a Traitor's grave!

He died in 1801, somewhere in the endless wilderness of London. Where he was buried we cannot tell. He died full of crime; and his name is covered with infamy by the execration of the nation he betrayed, and the nation which paid him for his traitor's work.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The soldiers are marching line by line,
Solemnly down the village street;
Their feathers nod, their bayonets shine,
And they all keep time with even feet.
The banner is craped with a funeral weed,
The coffin borne on a shrouded bier,
And a riderless steed, the dead man's steed,
Stepping in pride, is led a-rear.

The music wakes from its trance at last,
And melts away on the listening wind;
The deep-mouthed trumpet has blown its blast,
And the echoing bugle floats behind;
The shrill fife screams, like a tortured soul;
A plaintive dirge on the flute is played;
But the drum breaks in with its hurrying roll,
And it sounds like a distant cannonade.

The idlers run to the ale-house door,
The women peep through the windows small,
And the maidens, beating the time on the floor,
Light-footed dream of the last year's ball;
The boys of the village, a motley band,
Fall in and follow the company slow,
Their eyes are lighted with feelings grand,
Their hearts a-fire with a martial glow.

The Church is reached, and the soldiers tramp,
With trailing arms in the solemn ground,
Where the conqueror Death has pitched his camp
And broods with his army sleeping round:
They lower the coffin and fill the mound,
And fire a volley and march away;
And the soldier rests till the trump shall sound
For the last review on the Judgment-day!



"SPEAK NOT AGAIN OF LOVE."

BY MRS. S. W. BROOKS.

— May slighted woman turn,
And, like the vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?

WILLIS.

'Tis past! I tell thee we must part!
Speak not again of love to me;
Thou pleadest with a frozen heart
That never more may warm to thee.

Like music lost upon the wind,
Like perfume scattered on the wave,
Like sunlight wasted on the blind,
Hath been the love I fondly gave.

Oh, I could lay my brow in dust!
And grovel there, in shame, and weep
To think I yielded to thy trust,
A heart thou didst not care to keep.

Was it, indeed, a worthless thing,
So soon a worn-out toy to be,
The heart that never knew a spring,
Until it loved and bloomed for thee?

And when its every pulse had learned
To thrill with rapture at thy name
Oh, then thy fickle fancy turned,
And left it to despair and shame.

Enough! it was *thy* day of power,
And only He who heareth prayer
May know how in that bitter hour,
The springs of joy were frozen there.

Again thy pleading tones I hear,
And not one answering pulse is stirred;
Like empty echoes on mine ear,
Falls every warm impassioned word.

And I am cold as moonlit snow
That sleeps on Etna's lofty crest,
Unmindful of the fires that glow
Within the crater's burning breast.

Nay, talk not of forgiveness now,
And say not thou art "fond and true,"
The heart that broke the *olden* vow
Perchance might better keep the *new*.

It is not that I fear to sail
Once more on passion's stormy sea;
My bark again might breast the gale,
And calmly ride the wave with thee.

But, oh, thou canst not bring me back
The rainbow-bliss of other years,
Nor wash from mem'ry's bitter track
The traces of those early tears!

Thou canst not bring this heart of mine
The music of its summer hours:
Then leave, O leave the ruined shrine,
And mock it not with votive flowers!

THE HEADSMAN OF ANTWERP.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from p. 39.)

THE city was unusually tumultuous that night, knots of artizans gathered before the beer-houses eagerly talking over the expected execution, men and women made appointments for the next day as if some great festival were at hand. In the Place de Meer many of the better order might be seen gathered in knots in the shadows flung from the gables of those fine old mansions that give to this street its air of antique grandeur—all talking together in low and earnest voices. Everywhere might be found evidences of some great and unusual excitement, that spread through all classes and seemed to fill the very atmosphere with gloom.

Along one of the most retired streets, and forcing his way through the gloomy groups that obstructed his progress that night, was a shadow-like old man in priest's garments, and followed by a younger person evidently of the church, who carried beneath the folds of his gown the holy appliances used at the last sacrament. This man, whose face was almost concealed by his cowl, followed close upon the priest, who, muffled in his black garments, moved through the throng with a more rapid step than seemed befitting to his solemn errand or sacred character.

"It is father Paul going at this time of night to administer extreme unction to the prisoner," muttered the crowd, as the holy man passed through them. "He has been father confessor to that proud family since he first took orders many years ago."

"Methinks he seems in great haste," observed a stout burgher, whose garments had been brushed by the black gown of the priest; "and takes a strange way to the prison—see, he turns down yon alley, and that leads another way!"

"Yes," answered a young woman, who came to the door in which the burgher had ensconced his stout form, bearing in her hand a can of foaming beer which the man had ordered by a sign, as he was talking. "But, then, if yon alley leads not to the prison, it is a close neighbor to it, in one sense. Know ye not that the headsman of Antwerp always comes from thence, when he is arrayed for his death-work?"

"Indeed, and is it yonder the fiend makes his den?" rejoined the man, drawing in the breath with which he had been blowing the foam

from his beer with a deep sigh, and turning a furtive glance toward the dark mouth of the alley through which the priest had disappeared. "Whew! but the air grows heavy as we talk of him, and thy beer woman, as I am an honest burgher, has a taste of blood at the bottom. Has the headsman ever drank from thy can?"

"Nay, would you ruin the character of my house by talk like this?" replied the woman, casting an anxious look toward some customers who sat drinking at a table within. "The headsman of Antwerp beneath my roof! why, at very sight of his blood-red uniform and black mask, every creature within the house would run and hide himself!"

"Then have you never seen him without the mask, dame?" inquired the man, almost in a whisper

"Who ever did—who, in all Antwerp, ever saw the executioner without his mask?"

"Hush! who is that? surely his face was very dark!" whispered the man, seizing his companion by the arm and drawing her within the door, as a muffled figure rushed hastily by and disappeared in the neighboring alley.

"Poh! it was but the shadow of his hat—the face was a handsome enough face—and young too—I would you had been in less haste to block up the door, neighbor, he might have been athirst for aught we know!"

"Athirst! Like enough, it seems as if thoughts of the execution brought a hankering for good liquor. So fill my can again and I will drink it within. These black shadows gliding in and out, seem to render the malt bitter. Come in and let us close the door!"

While this dialogue was passing at the beer-house, the priest who had given rise to it, paused before one of the low and dilapidated buildings with which the alley was crowded, and without knocking, entered a narrow passage from whence a flight of steps wound upwards into the darkness—up and up, till he reached a small apartment in the gable, glided the holy man followed like a magnified shadow, by the heavy figure of the monk. The priest paused before this apartment, and directing his attendant to remain without till he should be summoned, lifted the latch and entered.

It was a small room, lighted by one narrow and pointed window, high up from the floor and

shooting like an arrow head into the unequal roof. There was little furniture in the chamber; but that little, though cumbrous and old, had been peculiarly rich in the day of its construction. A few houses of the old nobility still preserved these ancient and magnificent relics of past grandeur. But among the citizens, and more especially in that squalid neighborhood, articles so rare and precious might have been subjects of wonder, had any inhabitant of the place ever been known to enter that chamber.

Near a small table, black with age and rich with heavy sculptures, stood a lamp of antique bronze. This formed a knot of serpents—whose grotesque convolutions made the base, and from whose open jaws, yellow and rich with gold, shot forth threads of fire that seemed almost like the subtle venom of the reptile shooting together in a faint luminous mass, that scarcely revealed the broken outlines of other objects equally rich and curious.

By this table, with his pale forehead bathed in the unearthly light, sat the old man whom we have seen at the cathedral. The same benign expression sat on his thin features, the same air of languid suffering hung around his tall and stooping form; but in the large brown eyes that were uplifted as the priest entered, there shone something of stern and solemn strength that seemed at variance with the shrinking feebleness that his air and countenance bespoke.

When he saw the priest the old man arose and bent his head reverently, leaning meantime one hand upon the table. For a moment the priest seemed surprised; but a well pleased expression followed the first look, and he came towards the table almost smiling.

"Father, you will deem it strange that I sent for you at this time of the night?"

"No, not strange, knowing what I do of the morrow. This is a fearful trial my poor friend!" And a faint shudder crept through the frame of that holy man.

The old man looked earnestly in the face of his friend, and it seemed, in the pale light, as if a smile flitted across his lips—still it could not be. In his terrible situation, how could that old man smile? Thus it was that the priest reasoned, as he sat down by the table and shaded his eyes from the gleam of those bronzed serpents, thinking that it had deceived his sight.

"I expected the summons, and without it should have come; but there must have been a mistake. I was desired to be in preparation to administer the last sacrament, but here it cannot be required," said the holy man, relieved, and yet wondering to find his friend so well.

"And you have come prepared, I trust," was

the mild reply. "One of our brotherhood remains without, prepared to aid me in the solemn service."

"Send him back to thy holy home, Father; that which I require in preparation for the long journey, would I take from no hands but thine," said the old man, solemnly. "Thou, my only friend on earth, shall be the last to speed this soul heavenward. I pray thee send the good monk away!"

The priest went out, and directly heavy footsteps were heard descending the stairs. It was not till the street door closed that the holy man returned to the chamber. Its inmate had moved a little; and when the priest sat down, the thin hand of the old man dropped upon his, and the two sat looking at each other with a steady and mournful gaze. The old man spoke first.

"He must die!"

"He must die!" answered the priest; "all that human effort can effect has been tried, in vain."

"And the judges, the emperor, knowing, all knowing that he was the friend of my bosom—that the same blood beats in our veins, they will not relent. This hand they doom to its fearful task again. They have no pity—no mercy!"

"None!" replied the priest, covering his eyes; "all that human eloquence could urge, did I say to move them, but they seemed as deaf men."

"They knew from the first that this—the last victim of our house, was the son of my father's brother, and yet relented not. They claim the last strength of this feeble hand to shed my own blood, and think that I will do it. Twenty years should have done its work upon the stubborn heart! Father, father! did I purchase my poor life for the privilege of watching my son from a distance—of protecting his childhood of—of— Do—do they think I would pay this fiend's price now, when I can feel the life ebbing from me, drop by drop, like grains of sand from the glass that seeks but a moment to complete its hour. Father, thou hast much knowledge of bodily ills, with all that appertains to the spiritual man. Lay thy hand here, and say how long, according to God's own time, this poor frame could totter along its pilgrimage?"

The old man knelt down before the priest as he spoke, and taking the holy man's hand, drew aside his vestments, and laid the palm upon his heart.

The priest turned pale, and visible terror swept over his features. After a little he removed his hand, and leant his ear close against the old man's chest. Thus the two remained for the duration of a minute, in which a hush, like that of death, lay within the room, and the pulsations of that poor heart might be heard,

ebbing away with a weak gurgling sound, as if every throb would be the last.

The priest raised his head at length, and his eyes met the questioning eyes of the old man, who smiled wanly, and said in a sweet calm voice—"How long, father!—how long?"

"At any hour—at any moment!"

"You see, father," said the old man, and the smile seemed to deepen, and break down into the very depths of his soul,—“you see that God has mercy when man has none. Think you that this—” and the old man laid one pale hand upon his heart—“could nerve my arm to its task on the morrow, without breaking?”

"No!" answered the priest; and he almost looked grateful for the thought. "Strong agitation—grief—fear—terror—nay, the slightest start of surprise, perchance, would quench the feeble life struggling there, as a puff of wind passing over this lamp."

"I thought so," said the old man; and the holy light grew strong upon his face. "To-morrow, then, my only friend—to-morrow wilt thou claim of the Austrian tyrant, the pledge that he gave with my life twenty years ago. Dost thou remember, old friend?"

"Do I remember! Had I a thousand lives that day, it would never pass from my brain," answered the priest.

"And my son: he is a brave, a noble youth. Tell me, is he not worthy the sacrifice?—gloriously worthy!"

Heavens!—what a look of noble love kindled up the old man's face! There was proud blood in his cheek, then glowing and warm, as if his poor heart were that moment pouring out its last red drop of life in a gush of more than mortal affection.

"He is a noble youth," said the priest, catching something of the old man's enthusiasm.

"And he loves me—he loves the poor old man! Is it not so my friend?"

"Often, often has he said so, and that without one thought of the great cause that exists for his affection," was the kind reply.

"I know it—I knew it all the time;" and as the red went out from the old man's cheek, a heavy tear rolled slowly over the place it had warmed. The priest also turned his face away, as if to avoid the sight.

"To-morrow," said the old man, "to-morrow he will know that I was his father; he will weep then, but I shall not feel his tears."

"Nay, it is possible—death may not follow so close as we think," said the priest with an effort.

The old man shook his head and smiled a wan, incredulous smile, as if he reproached his friend for disturbing a sweet hope.

"Now," he said, very gently, "now that I am certain death is so near,—for I shall never

see another sunset,—thou wilt not refuse the last holy offices of the church. I would meet that which is sure to be, with composure worthy a son of the church—worthy the proud race to which I once belonged. Wilt thou listen to me, Father?"

As the headsman spoke he knelt down, meekly as an infant, before the priest, who bent his head, and the white faces of those two old men almost touched each other, and their gray hair mingled in the lamplight. What the headsman said was in a low murmur, that went not beyond the ear that listened; but, though human voice might never reveal the secrets uttered in confession, much could have been gathered by a keen witness from the countenance of the priest. At first it was pale and solemnly tranquil, the eye half veiled by its drooping lid, and the thin lips calmly closed. But as the confession went on, you could see the glow of some vivid feeling spread over the high forehead,—quick, eager flashes shot from beneath the half-shut eye lids, and those firm lips parted imperceptibly with an expression difficult to understand.

At last the murmured voice ceased, and the headsman lifted his face with meek supplication in every lineament; he saw irresolution and even awe upon the face usually unmoved by earthly passions.

"Father, friend, thou wilt not fail me now! oh, grant me absolution!—give me thy blessing!"

The priest drew gently back and shaded his features, while he mused silently with his own conscience. How far the friendship of former years, the brother's love that had linked those old men through life, prevailed over a stern sense of duty, none but the Great Searcher of all hearts can tell; but when the priest removed his hand, the features it had concealed were tremulous with human feeling; he laid his hand upon the head of his friend, and looked into his eyes till tears blinded them both. Then he bowed his lips to the old man's forehead and kissed it, while their white locks mingled together. "The Mother of Christ bless thee; the great God of Heaven bless thee, even as I do, my poor old friend!"

As this blessing broke from his lips, the priest stood up, and lifting his clasped and trembling hands on high, added, "Oh, Father, if thy servant is wrong, let the penalty fall on him, not on this long-suffering man!"

A few minutes after, the priest stood up to go; "Not now," he said, "will I administer the last solemn rites to the dying; shall I not be near thee to the end?"

Then the Headsman of Antwerp was left alone.

(Continued in the March Number.)



ROME'S THREE GLORIOUS DAYS.

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

THE FIRST DAY.

TOWARDS evening, on the 17th of July, 1846, as the thousand bells of Rome were chiming the Ave Maria, where Pius IX. had reigned thirty days; without previous intimation from any quarter, an edict was affixed simultaneously on the walls and squares and most frequented streets of the city, proclaiming a *general amnesty* for all political offences.

This was the first note of mercy or peace which had been struck from the broken lyre of Italy for a whole generation—and if the edict had been sent from heaven and affixed by unseen hands, it could not have been received with greater astonishment.

The population rushed to the corners of the streets, where torches were held, and those nearest read to the crowd the touching words of pardon, which gave back to their bereaved

country so many of its proscribed and unhappy sons. Throughout that populous city, there was not a soul, foreigners excepted, that was not immediately concerned in that edict—hardly one who did not instantly recall the image of some lost one, who would receive those words of pardon in the gloom of his prison or the bitterness of exile.

A chorus cry of joy rang at the same instant through every part of the capitol. There seemed to be but one heart in Rome, and it beat only pulsations of joy—there seemed to be but one desire in Rome, and that was to see the face of their great Benefactor. And as if by a common instinct, from the most distant extremities of the city a movement began, and from the four quarters of the capitol the thickening stream went rushing up to the palace.

The multitude, wild with ecstasy and gratitude, cried out for their “father.” Their voice

was heard by the good man of the house, and he went upon the *loggia* to thank and bless his people.

As it grew dark, torches were seen flaming at the corners of all the streets where the edict had been affixed, and dense crowds were gathered around each notice. Those in the front ranks kneeled, so that those behind might look over their heads—forming little amphitheatres of over-joyed weeping people, smiling through their tears, and looking up at the edict, again and again, half incredulous, as though after all it was too good to be true. Wherever there was a copy of the edict, there was clustered one of these groups; and there were shining there bright torches, larger and handsomer than ever the Romans keep burning, before the shrines of their saints.

At dusk, Pius went into the gardens of the Quirinal, back of the palace, and walked for two hours. He heard the murmur that rose over the city—it came on his ear stronger and stronger, like the in-rolling tide of the sea. At last the shouts broke up into heaven. It was the grateful sound he had hoped for;—during the thirty days of his reign he had consoled himself with its anticipation. At last it came; he had sounded the bugle-blast of freedom that was to wake the nations of Europe, and the response of his people had come back: henceforth he knew that he was not alone.

In less than an hour, the entire population of Rome had either read or heard the proclamation of pardon, and the popular enthusiasm broke forth again, wilder than ever: once more the cry rose to *Monte Cavallo*. Bands of young men led the throngs which swept in, stronger and denser, till the great Piazza of the Quirinal palace was packed, and again the exulting myriads uttered the name of *Pio Nono*. The Pope appeared once more on the *loggia* of the palace, attended by torches.

It was no longer jubilee, nor acclamation. That mighty ocean of men and women and children seemed to be lashed into a frenzy of delirium. Rome itself, as one of her own poets said, had gone mad for love. Shouts and vivas rent the sky, so wild that the tumultuous mass of two hundred thousand seemed to be swayed by the tempest of a revolution. It was the first maniac-breathing of popular liberty, stifled for ages. There is something sublime and fearful in the first movements of a people waking from the dream of despotism. If Lambruschini (the rival of the new Pope), had stood where Pio Nono stood, a pontiff, the cry would have rang out to *Castel St. Angelo*; and in less than an hour its bloody walls would have begun to reel under the shock of a revolution.

But on that balcony stood the new champion of liberty—the father of his people—the rege-

nerator of Italy—the pardoner: which glorious titles gave him, even by concession of Protestants themselves, claim to that higher title—vicegerent of the Savior! There stood Pio Nono, the Pope of the people—the first they had had since Hildebrande. He lifted his arms and eyes to heaven, and tried to bless his people, but his heart was too full—his voice failed him, and they could only see his lips move, and the tears stream from his beaming face.

Rome seemed that night to be swayed by a single will; and as if the wand of an enchantress had passed over her towers, a brilliant illumination rose like a clear day-break over the city. There had been no expectation of the amnesty on that day—there had been no concert among the people; and yet from the entire city a light broke forth, and flashed far up into Heaven! The stately mansions of the rich gleamed with large wax torches, and the humble dwellings of the poor twinkled with tiny wax tapers. The illumination brightened as the hours passed on, and at midnight the city seemed bathed in an ocean of flame.

The crowd again called for the Pontiff, and again he appeared, with his blessing. They answered him with a shout, which was heard in the distant extremity of the city. It penetrated many a sick chamber, and the dying asked what it meant? It was the music of *pardon*—that rich word, which, in the solemn hour, sounds dearer than all others. It was the last word which fell upon the ear of many a dying sufferer in Rome that evening, and the first word that greeted him in heaven. When the sovereign laid himself down to sleep that night, the last sounds he heard were airs of liberty and triumph, from a thousand instruments, mingling with the wild shouts of a finally emancipated people.

While Rome was sleeping, late that night fleet horses were bearing couriers with the joyful news, to the four quarters of the globe, through which the sons of Italy had been driven, waiting in sadness and hope, like the scattered children of Abraham for the coming of the Deliverer. As the couriers spurred their steeds across the last hill-tops that overlook the distant capital, Rome seemed to the flying messengers like an enchanted vision. Rome, too, was to have her *Three Glorious Days*. Thus ended the first.

THE SECOND DAY.

On the following morning, the population, of all classes, gathered around the massive walls of the Castle of St. Angelo—that grand but

gloomy Bastile of Rome, within whose lofty towers and damp dungeons the strong hand of tyranny and superstition has, for successive ages, drawn the bolts of despair.

These towers and dungeons were haunted by brave men, who, having dared to act like free-men and ancient Italians, had been condemned to wear the rest of life away, in hopeless imprisonment—buried alive!

The gates of the castle opened, and the liberated captives came forth. We cannot describe the scene which followed, and we will not attempt it. It is not strange—when fathers and sons, husbands and wives, and mothers and loved ones, pressed to their hearts, under the free, open sky, those whom they had expected to meet no more in this world—that even those who had no personal interest in the spectacle, could not refrain their tears.

These scenes of tenderness were renewed at every corner of the streets. From every door the prisoners passed, came flying some friend whom he supposed dead. Some of the prisoners rushed wildly to their homes, in distant parts of the city; and others, who had no homes to fly to, when they first found themselves under the kind free heavens, stopped, and gazed about them for a moment, like beasts let out of cages where they had been long confined, uttered a piercing shriek of joy, and burst into tears, or dashed away through the multitude of gazing strangers, to some solitary place, and sat themselves down and wept! It was a day of great sadness, as of immeasured joy;—more tears flowed in Rome on that day of universal liberation, than any tyrant could have wrung from the same people by the horrors of the rack. So much stronger is clemency than despotism!

Many of the emancipated prisoners for the moment forgot all other feelings in the desire to see their Prince, and they hurried to the Quirinal, to cast themselves at his feet. There were two whose heroism and sufferings had excited a peculiar sympathy, and for whose liberation the most unwearied applications had been made to Gregory's government—but all without success: for men who had laid one obstacle in the way of Lambruschini's ambition there was no mercy.

These two were Renzi and Galletti—names dear to all Italy. One has since become a minister of state under Pius IX. They were at once admitted to the Pontiff's presence. They fell at the feet of their deliverer in tears—but they could not speak. Pius raised them kindly and embraced them with the love of a father who had just found his lost children.

As he held these bold conspirators to his heart, he said: "I am happier to-day than I ever was—my sons have come back. You will never leave me—you will love me—your rea-

son matured by experience and suffering is strong enough now to overcome the impetuosity of youth—you will be good subjects?"

"I swear it," said Galletti, kissing the pontifical cross, "by this sign of our redemption."

"My mother," said Leonardi della Massa, to a friend, after the pardon of Pius IX, "was the sister of a Pope. I conspired against my uncle—for I believed my country required me to do it—I stifled in my heart the voice of natural affection that I might hear the voice of the people. I staked my head in a game of death with the executioner. My hatred against the temporal power of the Popes was so great, that I would have broken with the best friend I had on earth, if he had told me I should one day become the zealous admirer of a pontiff. Twenty years passed, and these twenty years I have worn away an exile in prison—and now I declare that I love Pio Nono more than I abominated his predecessor. So well do I love him, if he should ask my life, I would answer, 'Holy father, you ask too little! demand that of my wife also; and both of us love you too well, not to consider the day of our death, the most beautiful day of our lives.'" Such was the enthusiasm that seemed to transport the Roman people, when they heard the name of their new Sovereign mentioned.

The sun had hardly gone to his setting on the day of the "Liberation," when the city, as if impatient to give vent to its joy, shone forth with another illumination. With the exception of the houses of those men who had been too deeply concerned in the reign of bigotry and despotism that had just closed, there was not a dwelling in Rome that was not illuminated. From corridors, the open galleries, and high windows of the palaces of the noble, to the humble dwellings of the poor, tall wax candles and little tapers were gleaming. Those who looked with coldness and suspicion on the new government, shut themselves up in their houses and darkened their windows, while the rest of the population poured into the streets to mingle with the crowd of prisoners who had that day emerged from the dungeons of St. Angelo.

Before 9 o'clock, the entire piazza of the Quirinal was crowded. Bands of young men in tens, twenties, and hundreds came up from every quarter of the town, with torches and banners, and songs, and airs, in praise of the Pontiff. Uniting in the centre of the Square, they formed an immense crown of torches, with colors waiving on every side. One of the banners showed the family stem of Mastai (the name of the Pope), on a white and yellow field, ornamented with sprigs of olive, in token of peace. There were many of the tri-color—which had not been seen in Italy for thirty years, except as a sign of revolution—bearing

inscriptions—*viva la clemenza—viva Pio IX—viva l'amnestia*—while others bore the edict of pardon, printed in gold, and enriched with emblems of peace, liberty, and hope. A few moments after, high and clear above the shouts of the multitude, a stirring chorus burst forth from one of the large streets opening on the Piazza, and a thousand flaming torches lit up the scene like a conflagration. The chorus came from twelve hundred of the *Filarmonici* of Rome, with several of the best martial bands of the city blended into one. They had that day met at the theatre *Argentina*, to practice a new hymn, written by Verdi in honor of the Pontiff.

Preceded by torches and a magnificent standard, the procession entered the Piazza, and as the crowd opened, they advanced under the windows of the Quirinal. A great deal has been said about the musical genius of the Italians, but it probably surpasses all ideas foreigners have formed of it. This occasion illustrated it; the crowd learned the chorus, after hearing it twice, and more than an hundred thousand voices, joined harmoniously in the triumphal pean. When the chorus ceased, the name of the Pontiff was on every tongue.

Soon after, the great Loggia of the palace was opened, and a train of attendants appeared, to signify that the sovereign was coming. He appeared, and was received with deafening shouts and vivas.

The enthusiasm of the preceding night, which had seemed so wild, was now surpassed, for there was a new class of men there—the liberated prisoners, who had that morning emerged from the gloom of St. Angelo's dungeons. The beloved Pastor of Rome, lifted his hands, and poured down from his full heart the blessing of the God of peace and liberty upon the silent host, bowing lowly to the dust. And there was kneeling a band of grateful men, breathing the free air of Heaven for the first time in many years. In the torchlight their faces wore that sepulchral hue, which should never cloud the human image of God, for it can never be acquired but in a dungeon, and God's glorious sun was made to shine on *all* his children:—erring and sinful though they may be, He never hides its blessed beams from any of his creatures till the fitful dream of life is over.

Methinks, that were a sight that might well make any man weep!—"Father—Father!" exclaimed the weeping captives, under the loggia—and they could say no more. "Yes," answered Pio Nino, through his tears: "*I am your father, and I always will be—you, too, shall always be my dearly beloved children.*" The good man stood for a few moments, with his hands clasped on his bosom, and his eyes lifted to Heaven, as if praying for his people.—And the dense throng, with their torches held steady, and their banners drooping, kneeled

before him in silence, gazing on the noble form of the Pontiff, who seemed like Moses talking with God, on the mountain, to embrace at a glance all the tribes of Israel. The spirit of a better world, had descended upon those worshipping myriads, and they kneeled in silence, till the man of God had retired into his dwelling.

When the charm which had hung over the assembly was broken by some stirring *viva*, the crowd formed into marching order with that readiness and tact for which the Italians are so remarkable, and went in a vast procession through the Corso, stopping to shout their grateful acclamations, under the windows of those palaces, where the most brilliant illuminations appeared. The entire *façades* of some of the edifices of Rome, were covered with burning tapers, inscriptions, portraits of the Pope, and the arms of the Mastai family, wrought in silver and gold. The illumination shone on, and ended *Rome's second Glorious Day!*

THE THIRD DAY.

The enthusiastic joy, which had now reigned for two days in the metropolis, had hardly subsided on the day of the "Liberation," before Rome was in motion again, for it was known that Pio was to proceed at 9 o'clock, the following morning, to assist in some religious service in the Mission church, in the central part of the city. The way the pontifical *cortege* was to pass, was crowded soon after daylight. At 9 o'clock, the bells announced the departure from the palace.

When the Pontiff's carriage came in sight, acclamations rose from the piazza, and ran down the street, which was lined by crowds on either side. The most beautiful *bouquettes* were thrown from the balconies, and every step of the way was strewn with flowers. From the windows the most gorgeous draperies of different colored satins, velvets, and cloths of gold, with ornamented banners, were streaming.

On the return to the palace, the crowd had thickened, and the popular enthusiasm broke out into the wildest joy. A company of young men presented themselves before the Pope, as he came forth from the church, to drag his carriage. This was at once refused. But when the *cortege* reached the Piazza Colonna, they renewed their request more earnestly. Again the pontiff kindly, but resolutely protested—"You are men—you are Romans—and I beg you to desist"—were his words. But the fierce joy of the populace could not be restrained. The same band of young men presented a solid phalanx before the carriage—the horses were

detached—a rope, two hundred yards in length, was fastened to the coach, and straitened through the crowd, and under a continued shower of flowers, they dragged their new sovereign with triumphant shouts, back to the Quirinal. From the Loggia, he dispensed his blessing upon the palpitating multitude.

Late that night a considerable company of pale, emaciated men, who had just come out of prison, went up under the windows of the palace, and waited till morning, in tears and silence. They were poor men, whom the Pope had, from his private purse, that day redeemed from the debtors' prison! The Romans heard of this with delight, and emulated the noble example. A subscription was started, and in three days not a debtor in Rome was left in one of its prisons!

It is impossible to say, where the mad joy of the Roman people would have found its limits, had not a proclamation of peace, expressing in the most benignant manner the thanks of the Pontiff for the affection his subjects had shown him, accompanied by an order (in the form of fraternal council), that the public feeling should be restrained, "Since moderation in all things, should be the motto of a state that tended to progress." The import of these kind but firm words, was universally understood, and the public joy was content to manifest itself in a more quiet way. But the nightly illuminations were continued, and the Pontiff never appeared without being hailed with vivas and acclamations. All felt that a new day was breaking upon Italy.

Thus ended ROME'S THREE GLORIOUS DAYS!

TO LAMARTINE.

(See the Engraving.)

BY H. STONE.

WEAR, calmly wear the thorny coronal
Thy country twineth for thy stainless brows!
Let not the cup she pours for thee, arouse
Dark thoughts within the fountains of thy soul.

Recover'd from her transient wild commotion,
With wonted faith her heart will turn to thee,
And, sham'd, she'll move thy soul's tranquillity—
Will blot the record of its pain'd emotion.

She knew thy worth, and would foreshow her love—
She wove the crown! how else could she repay
Thy soul's free offering to humanity?—
The martyr's brows, thus deck the powers above.

The time is past when, only 'mid the flame
Of martial glory, she can win renown,
Or prove the hero for the immortal crown:
Who plant the olive, now may hope for fame.

Her heart now calm'd, she hears a whisper low
Reviving memories still'd by discord's roar:—
"Not less the valor of the chief who bore
Apollo's lyre, than his who grasped the bow—

Not less the virtue to foreclose the flow,
Than spring the fountains of the crimson sea—
To save in peace, the fruits of victory,
Than reap rank laurels on the plains of woe—

Not powerless fell the lyre's persuasive tones,
When, by the great soul of the bard impell'd,
He blent in one thy people's hearts—and quell'd
The jealous rage of Europe's crumbling thrones.

Thou'lt not forget its wonder-working sway
O'er kindred hearts throughout the earth's wide bounds—
How myriad harps caught up the thrilling sounds:
Liberty—Equality—Fraternity.

And how the echoes rang, and blent, and spread—
As undulations through the etherial sea—
From soul to soul, long longing to be free;
Till with the great accord, aghast with dread,

Stern tyrants dropt their sceptres—and uprose
Brave sovereign peoples with young Freedom's brand
To light them from their thrones in every land!
What thought to quell the fierce internal foes

Thy great bard gave to Mars the conquering bow?
Who shall gainsay, hadst thou his voice not still'd,
And by thy coldness his pure spirit chill'd,
Divine persuasion would have soothed the foe?

What thought in drawing from the darkling storm
Its demon's venom and his breath of fire,
Amidst the cords of his harmonious lyre,
The lightning burst!—Unscathed his sacred form,

Unhurt his spirit—and his harp unstill'd,
He will stand forth and sweep its strings again
And thou wilt glory in his loftier strain!"
The whisper'd words her sorrowing spirit thrill'd!

She hears the whisper—Gallia brave and free!
Nay! in her heart, long tried, yet ever young,
The thrilling thought—the cherish'd memory sprung.
Thou know'st undying is her love for thee!

THE POOR MAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You don't look well, Mr. Preston; I'm afraid you stick too close to your shop," said a friend to Mr. Archibald Preston, a thriving manufacturer, whose well-conducted and growing business yielded him from four to five thousand dollars yearly.

"I'm not very well," replied Mr. Preston. "The fact is, as you say, I am confined too closely to business. I need more recreation than I get."

"Why don't you go off, then, and take a good holiday? A week at the sea shore, or a trip over the mountains would add a year to your life."

"Very likely. But such luxuries are not for me. I am too poor for these indulgences."

"Too poor? You, Mr. Preston?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm too poor. There is no better established fact than this. It would delight me to do as you suggest. Last year I settled, as a thing certain a trip to Niagara this summer. But I expected a much easier money market than there has been since mid-winter. No; I can't leave home on any pleasure trip. I am too poor for that."

"Poor man!" said the friend to himself, as he walked away, "I wonder if he will ever feel able to take any enjoyment in life?"

Shortly after, a gentleman called upon Mr. Preston, and asked if he would not take two or three dollars worth of tickets for a concert, got up for the benefit of a sick musician, and his destitute family.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he replied, "but really I am too poor. We must be just, you know, before we are generous. It wouldn't be right for me to spend three or four dollars for concert tickets, and then let my notes be protested."

"No; certainly not. But there is no danger of that."

"I don't know. I ought to be the best judge. Every one knows when the shoe pinches. Its just as I tell you. I'm too poor for such luxuries."

"Don't call it a luxury, but a charity, Mr. Preston."

"But is not charity a luxury? Can any-

thing produce more real pleasure than the act of relieving the distress of our fellow-creatures? If I were only able, no man would take more delight in doing good. The time will come, I trust, when my hand will be as open as my heart. At present, as I have said, I must content myself with being just. I am too poor to be generous."

Now, all this was not sheer hypocrisy. Mr. Preston did think, that if he were only in good circumstances, he would be exceedingly generous; that he would scatter benefits around him with a liberal hand. But until he became better off in the world, he deemed it but right to exercise prudence in all things. And he was correct in the principle, though scarcely so in the rigid way he applied it to his own case.

A beggar came into Mr. Preston's little office or counting-room, soon after the friend to the sick musician had retired, and asked for a penny.

"We've nothing to give away," said he, waving his hand for the mendicant to withdraw. "We're all too poor here."

"Only a penny, sir," importuned the beggar; "only a single penny."

"Didn't I tell you that we had nothing to give away," repeated Mr. Preston, sternly. Then he muttered to himself, as he turned to his desk,

"I'm too poor to scatter money in the street; or to fill the hand of every one who asks for charity."

And Mr. Preston really did feel poor; far poorer than his clerk, to whom he paid seven hundred dollars a year; and who, on that sum, maintained a wife and two children, and partook, at the same time, of such amusements and recreations, within his means, as he deemed essential to mental and bodily health. He could also, occasionally indulge in the luxury of benevolence, a thing felt by his employer to be almost entirely beyond his ability.

At home, this poor feeling of Mr. Preston manifested itself in various forms, all in some way or other, abridging the comforts his family were entitled, by virtue of his real ability, to enjoy.

Mr. Preston started in life with the purpose of acquiring property. Never, since his earliest recollection, had he felt otherwise than poor; and consequently, unable to enjoy the good things of life, with which so many around him were blessed. The means possessed in the present, were never adequate to bring within his grasp such things as he desired; and, therefore, he felt always too poor to indulge in the blessings appropriate to his true external condition. When his income was a thousand dollars a year, he restricted himself and family to an expenditure of five hundred; and when it was three thousand, the limit of expense was one thousand. Now, he was reaping an annual profit of at least five thousand dollars, and was actually worth thirty thousand dollars; and yet he felt poorer than he did five years before; and was troubled in his mind at the thought of being under the ruinous expense of fifteen hundred dollars a year for the support of his family.

"If I were a rich man," was next to, "I'm too poor for that," his commonest form of expression. And he was never called upon to expend a dollar, except in the way of business, without a feeling of reluctance at parting with the money, amounting almost to pain. Wealth was, in his eyes, the greatest good, and its possession the means of bringing the highest earthly happiness. Yet, as far as his experience went, it contradicted this idea entirely; for the better off in the world he became, the more was he inwardly dissatisfied, and the more eagerly did he grasp for still larger possessions. His error was like that of far too many others. He imagined that wealth in itself would bring a state of mental tranquillity—a peace of mind that nothing could disturb. And he believed also, that after he had become rich, he would use his riches for the procurement of all the good things for himself and family that the earth had to offer. While he was poor, self-denial was felt to be a virtue; when he became rich, he meant to be liberal to himself and others.

And so the world went on with Mr. Archibald Preston. Yearly he added house to house, and dollar to dollar. But he was still, in feelings, a poor man. It really hurt him to part with a shilling; and almost every luxury his family enjoyed was wrung from him by his pride, or yielded to an importunity that he had not the moral power to withstand. His health was suffering through prolonged application to business, and he felt the necessity for relaxation. If he could have gone away alone, at the time a friend suggested, as has been seen, to visit the sea-shore, he would have gone and taken cheap boarding in some private family for a week or two. But that economical way of doing the thing was out of the question; for his

wife had been urging him, year after year, to take her to Cape May, Saratoga, or some other summer resort; and if he went for his health, she must, of course, go along. And this would make the trip far more expensive than he felt able to afford. So he denied himself on this ground. When he was able, even in his own estimation, to make his wife a companion in the long-thought-of and desired summer recreations, another drawback to the enjoyment was at hand. Three daughters had come so near to the estate of womanhood, that the leaving them at home, as indifferent parties to such an arrangement, was out of the question. And to take them along would make the expense entirely too great. Their school bills, music bills, and bills for various private lessons in the languages, etc., were really appalling to the father, and kept him, all the time, with a poor feeling about his heart. To add to the annual cost of living, already alarmingly great, by a fashionable trip to the springs or the sea shore, was not to be thought of for a moment.

"But," urged Mrs. Preston, who was more importunate than usual, "it is absolutely necessary for you to take some relaxation from business. And I am sure we can afford the expense far better than the Melvilles, who go to Saratoga, Newport, or somewhere else every season."

"As for that," replied the husband, "I am of opinion that the Melvilles had much better stay at home. To my certain knowledge, Melville is always short for money; and rarely succeeds in getting a note out of bank without borrowing from some one. I believe I am worth two dollars to his one, if the truth were known, but I can't afford the extravagances in which he indulges."

"A couple of hundred dollars, once in your life-time," said Mrs. Preston, in reply to this argument, "I am sure, can't hurt you. For more than twenty years you have been tugging at the oar of business, without so much as a week's relaxation; and I think it is a pity if you can't take a little enjoyment now. What's the use of money, if not to enlarge our comforts?"

"Two hundred dollars! indeed! If it were not going to cost any more than this I would not say a word; though I am not so clear that it would be right to throw even that sum away. But five hundred is not going to cover the cost. Why, you and the girls would spend at least two hundred in new clothes before thinking yourselves in any kind of decent trim to appear at a fashionable watering-place. I know exactly how it will be. I've thought it over and over and over again, twenty times, and can come within a dollar of the cost."

"Suppose it were to cost a thousand dollars," said Mrs. Preston. "What of that?" It is only once in a year; and it's a pity if we can't

enjoy, to some small extent, the means in our hands. I'd rather be poor than to suffer the tantalization of our present circumstances."

"Poor! Rich! Can't I make you comprehend, Ellen, that we are not rich? If I were rolling in wealth, it would be another thing. But I am not. Every cent I can scrape together I need in my business; and, under these circumstances, to throw away five hundred or a thousand dollars in two or three weeks for mere pleasure would be a folly that I am not insane enough to commit. It would be a pleasant thing, indeed, to come home from Newport, after a month's extravagance and dissipation, and have my paper lie over immediately after."

"Oh, there's no danger of that!" said Mrs. Preston, impatiently.

"Beg your pardon, madam! There is danger. No one who wastes his money can expect to prosper. Suppose we had gone on as extravagantly as the Fultons—what then? Why, we would have been as poor as they are. Prudence and industry have made me prosperous to a certain extent; and I cannot think of marrying all by departing at the present time from the good rule wisely adopted in the beginning."

It was of no use for Mrs. Preston to argue the case with her husband. He held the purse-string, and that, too, with no light grasp. If he did not feel able to afford the expense, no matter how craved the indulgence, it had to be given up. So the trip to Newport or Saratoga was abandoned for that season; though under a promise, which was made in order to get the subject postponed, of a compliance with the wife's wishes when the next summer came round.

At the time this plea of being too poor to bear the expenses was so successfully urged, Mr. Preston was worth, at least, a hundred thousand dollars, and was conducting business on a very extensive scale. But all his means were locked up in his business or otherwise invested, and he kept himself poor by pushing his enterprise to the fullest extent. Every hundred dollar check, drawn for family expenses, was filled up with a sigh; for that much was lost, irrecoverably. Money expended in business, like seed sown in the ground, produced more money; but money spent for eating, drinking, and other things, necessary to the support of life, was felt to be like so much thrown into the sea. As Mr. Preston grew older and more prosperous, this false estimate became more and more confirmed, and the feeling arising therefrom, stronger and stronger. He never felt otherwise than poor; for he never saw clearly how he could spare money from his business or investments, in which he could have used profitably five times as much as he really possessed.

When the daughters of Mr. Preston arrived

at woman's age, he found an influence brought to bear upon him that he could not resist; and money, much as the extravagance pained him, was spent with a freedom certainly at variance with his previous habits. Spite of all resistance on his part, the trip to Saratoga was made in the summer succeeding that in which he admitted that he was able to take his wife but not his daughters; and, agreeably to his estimate of expense, the levy upon his purse for that extra piece of "folly," as he did not fail to pronounce it, was exactly one thousand dollars; and this in spite of all his disputes with porters, cabmen, bootblacks, waiters, and hotel-keepers, the whole *posse* of whom he declared were in combination to swindle travellers.

The wife and daughters of Mr. Preston having gained a decided advantage to themselves, were not at all inclined to relinquish it. The trip to the Springs made them three or four new city acquaintances, with whom visits were exchanged soon after their return. These new acquaintances happened to be living in a style that rather shamed the ladies of Mr. Preston's family, and opened their eyes a little in regard to what was due to their social position. A larger house, and newer and more elegant furniture were proposed, and, of course, opposed. But Mr. Preston's opposition was not of long continuance. The odds were entirely against him. He tried to get the matter put off a year or two; to a time when he hoped to feel more able to afford the expense; but no such proposition would be listened to. As for the plea of being "too poor to afford an extravagant style of living," it was not in the least regarded, for it was not believed.

So very rapid was Mr. Preston's accumulation of money, that could he have kept his annual expenditure within the limit it had attained previous to this new innovation, he would have begun to feel a little comfortable—in fact, to regard himself as being in quite easy circumstances. But the purchase of a house at a cost of twenty thousand dollars, with the additional item added thereto of four thousand dollars for fashionable furniture, caused him to feel so poor as to become actually unhappy; the more especially, as, shortly after the possession of his elegant residence, the new year came round, and with it the accustomed annual investigation into business affairs. Unexpectedly, the result of this investigation was a discovery that, instead of a clear yearly profit of ten or twelve thousand dollars, not a single cent had really been made. Two or three pretty serious losses, through failures, added to a sudden depression of prices, while a large stock of manufactured goods were on hand, had produced this result. These failures and this depression in prices were events of very recent occurrence, and their real effects upon the

year's business was just becoming apparent. —Poor Mr. Preston! He had less enjoyment now than ever in the good things of life with which God had blessed him. His property had a real value of nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and his business was a large and profitable one. Yet, so poor did he feel after the result of that one unfortunate year became known to him, that for trouble of mind he scarcely slept at night, or eat through the day. Not a block away from where he lived was a man whose income was fixed at twelve hundred dollars. He, also, had grown-up daughters, and younger children were still to be raised and educated. Yet he was a rich man compared with Mr. Preston; for he rarely had a poor feeling, and enjoyed to the full extent the natural blessings his income enabled him to procure. Sometimes, as he passed the handsome residence of the man rich in this world's goods, he thought how pleasant it must be to have money to spend for all that the heart desired, and to be removed from the necessity of nice calculations in expenditure and self-denial in even moderate desires. But such thoughts were soon dismissed, and caused but a small weight of discontent to rest upon his feelings. He had a hopeful and confident spirit; and was, therefore, rich in comparison with his neighbor.

The next year's business did not turn out much better for Mr. Preston. There had arisen a great competition in the principal article he manufactured, prices had gradually been falling, and a large stock accumulating. In the early part of the year he stopped his works altogether, and during the remaining portion did but very little. Utterly discouraged at the prospect before him in the beginning of the next year, and fearful lest a continuance in business would result in some disaster, he sold out his establishment at a sacrifice of about twenty thousand dollars on the price at which he valued it, and retired from the business world, feeling really poorer than when he started in life with only a few hundred dollars that he could call his own.

The fact of his retiring from business, gave very naturally the impression that he had accumulated a handsome fortune and was now determined to enjoy it. A man with the reputation is not always left undisturbed in the possession of what he has accumulated. Not long after he had withdrawn himself from the active world to brood over his disappointments, and to ponder on the smallness of his fortune, and the danger of its being swept from his grasp by some unforeseen event, against the occurrence of which no foresight of his could guard, he was called upon by a leading member of the church he regularly attended every Sabbath, for a contribution to its funds for some special purpose. The subscription paper was unfolded

and to his dismay, Mr. Preston saw that men really not half so well off in the world as he, had written down their hundreds. A ten dollar subscription was in his mind, as the utmost he felt justified in giving; but his pride would not let him write down "Archibald Preston, \$10," among names opposite to which stood three, four, and five hundred dollars. He considered awhile, to see if there were no way of escape with credit to himself; but none presenting itself, he resolved to gain time by saying—

"Call to-morrow, about this hour, and I will be prepared to say what I will give."

To-morrow, at that hour, not having made up his mind definitely, he managed to be out of the way. By this means, he escaped for a week; but the evil day could not be put off entirely. The man with the subscription paper found him out again, when, with a sigh he wrote—"Archibald Preston, \$300."

The poor man felt at least twenty thousand dollars poorer after this act. He did not hear ten words of the sermon, on the next Sabbath, for thinking of the ruinous subscription he had been forced to make; and half made up his mind, before the services were concluded, to give up his pew and attend some free church where the gospel was dispensed as it ought to be, without money and without price. Such an arrangement, however, he knew better than to propose; for there was a power behind the throne of his will greater, in most matters, than the throne itself. His family knew precisely his ability, and did not let their demands upon his purse fall very far below it.

The annual income of Mr. Preston, on retiring from business, and investing all his money in real estate, or government scrip, was a little over six thousand dollars. The expense at which he was living was about five thousand. For two or three years this went on, and finding that he was better off by about a thousand dollars, at the end of each year, he began to feel as if he were in tolerable easy circumstances, when a large fire broke out in a part of the city where he owned five warehouses. These, with a large amount of other property were consumed. A mistake of just one day in the date of the policy of insurance, threw him into a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars. His property had paid him seven per cent, above taxes, and all other expenses, and the loss in his annual income, was in consequence over seventeen hundred dollars.

Mr. Preston was now poor indeed. The rest of his property paid him but little over four thousand dollars; and he was living at a cost of five thousand. An immediate change was insisted upon and carried; for the poor man had arguments to urge that were made unanswerable. Reform once began was extended

far beyond the points to which those who yielded at first imagined it would go. "It's no use to talk, I can't afford it!" was an all-powerful argument, uttered as it was with unaccustomed determination of manner. The elegant house was rented for two thousand dollars, and the family came down so far in their style of living as to take up their abode in one for which Mr. Preston had been receiving eight hundred dollars.

By these changes, Mr. Preston actually reduced his expenses to two thousand dollars below his income. But he has never got over his

loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, and feels so poor that he refuses all applications of a charitable nature, denies himself and family at a hundred different points to the abridgement of his own and their real comfort, and makes both himself and them wretched.

Poor man! Had he the wealth of Cræsus it would be all the same. To one like him, money never comes as a blessing, for his mind estimates it falsely, and is incapable of finding in its possession any of the real enjoyments that competency is designed to bring.



"THE NIGHT SPIRIT'S SONG."

BY DAVID RICE, M.D.

I.

INVISIBLE forms we are,
That sport in the moonbeams fair,
When dull humanity sleeps;
We love the golden light,
Of the clear, still, cloudless night,
And through the ether blue,
On wings of heavenly hue,
Sail in the bright starlight.

II.

When the pure night air distils
Over velvet plains and hills,
Diamonds of pearly dew;
When freely moistened flowers
Perfume the midnight bowers;
When never a voice is heard,
Save songs of the wakeful bird;
Oh, these are fond hours, lov'd hours.

III.

While youthful lovers sleep
And dreaming, laugh and weep
O'er future joys, expected,
Or proffered vows, rejected;
In the pale poetic light,
Of the merry joyous night,
On nimble foot and wing,
We rove, and dance, and sing.

IV.

But when Aurora's eye
Brightens the eastern sky,
And her soft voice we hear,
In tones so sweet and clear—
It is a parting token
Our fairy ranks are broken;
We feel the potent spell,
And sadly say, farewell!

ETCHINGS OF SOCIETY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

The Wit of the Family.

"Are his wits safe? Is he not light of brain?"—*Shakspeare.*

FEARED by the whole household is the Wit of the Family; dreaded by cousins and connections; avoided by visitors; encouraged by father and mother; and conciliated by brothers and sisters. He is *Sir Oracle*, and, when he "opes his mouth, let no dog bark." *Conticuère omnes*—all listen—all applaud. His platitudes are ranked above proverbs, and his paradoxes are prodigious. His forte is sarcasm, and he is apt upon occasion to be terribly severe. He considers fault-finding an indication of superior discernment, and to "run down" people and things in general is his delight. His rudeness is tolerated on account of his wit, and his reputation for humor frequently saves him from chastisement. His repetitions of worn-out jokes, his second-hand sayings, *crambe his cocta*, are quoted as extraordinarily clever, and, although the family have heard each and every one of his jests a thousand times, they are ready to expire with laughter whenever he retails them. If a stranger happen in at dinner, or for the evening, he at first finds it difficult to comprehend the reason of the frequent cachinatory explosions, whenever a certain stupid-looking youth makes a common-place repartee or rehearses an antique anecdote; but the mystery soon becomes solved, and his mind enlightened, when he is informed—as he is certain to be, before he has been in the house a quarter of an hour—that Samuel is "wonderful smart," the most satirical chap, the capitallest mimic, the admirablest punster, so amusing, so droll, so queer, so funny—in short, the acknowledged "WIT OF THE FAMILY."

Samuel was a dull boy at school—a very dull boy, but so was Sir Walter Scott. He was always at the foot of his class, never would learn his lessons, never passed a fair examination in any one study, but neither did Richard Brindley Sheridan. Great archetypes these for dolts and dunces at school. The example was appropriate, the parallel perfect, so long as Samuel was a boy; but from the very moment he emerged from childhood, his models were not imitated, and the resemblance ceased. He was as dull a youth in college, as he had been a boy at school. He came "within an ace" of not

getting his degree, but consoled himself by saying, as many of his predecessors had said before, and so often, that it had become one of the "standing jokes" in the college, he intended to rise suddenly in the world, and not by *degrees*.

After four years, passed in vacant idleness and profitless association of congenial spirits, Samuel "studied the law," of course,—that is, he entered his name and person in the office of an attorney, perhaps his own father, or some one equally indulgent. There he dawdled for three years; read French novels and smoked segars; played on a wind instrument at a private musical society, and frequented the opera, where he turned up his nose at the performance and the ladies' dresses. He was then "admitted to the bar," but it strangely happens that he never has any business, nor a single brief, nor so much as the drawing up of a deed.

During all this time while a dull boy at school, a vacant idler at college, a loiterer about the precincts of the law, he lives, with occasional absences, at home, in his father's house, under his mother's eye—and was, and is, and will be, so long as that household lasts, the Wit of the Family. What would be resented as insolence in another, is mere fun in him; what would be punished as unwarrantable liberties is only "his ways;" what would be frowned down as vulgarity, is in him freedom of manners. If a friend comes in, and his feelings are wounded by one of Sam's severe remarks, he is told not to mind it, "it was only a joke;"—if a young lady is caused to blush crimson by a queer allusion, or shocked and disgusted by his sportive familiarity, she is advised not to take notice of it,—"*Sam is privileged, ya know—he means no harm—he is such a funny fellow!*"

The family think it very naughty, indeed, for any boy to kick Samuel for his impudence, or twear his nose for one of his harmless witticism, or threaten to turn him out of doors unless he behaved more like a gentleman!" "It is strange—very—that people don't understand poor Samuel better; he don't mean anything; it is all in fun." Nevertheless, persons out of

doors, who are the subject of his pleasant sarcasm and playful irony, are in the position of that individual in the fable, who did not like to be jumped upon by a donkey. Therefore, it is always safest for him to confine his severity to members of his paternal household, and never insult any lady, except when she ventures on a visit to his mother and sisters. It is just possible for him to be tolerated by a few old friends and near relations; but he cannot be sure of immunity, except when it is perfectly understood that he is "The Wit of the Family."

For my own part, not being very quick at taking a joke, or guessing a conundrum, or discovering the concealed meaning of equivocal grossness, I could never appreciate the cleverness nor admire the verbal dexterity of an acknowledged wit. It always seems to me, that he is an insufferable bore. There are few inflictions more tedious than the company of one who is making perpetual efforts to astonish you. I always feel myself called upon to say something brilliant by way of rejoinder, and, as I generally fail in this attempt, I am doubly annoyed by my own stupidity and the sneers of my interlocutor. I am a quiet man, one of whom it cannot be said, as Steele sagaciously observed of Shakspeare, "he has an agreeable wildness of imagination." I therefore "cotton," to use a coinage of Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, to people who talk sense rather than wit, who delight more in extolling merit than in detecting faults. I value the man who possesses a sound judgment above him who has a turn for ridicule. True wit and genuine humor are qualities as fascinating as they are rare, but nothing is more common or displeas-

ing than an affectation of the one or low attempts at the other.

There is nothing more annoying to a sensible person than an encounter with a professed wit. You are constantly afraid that one of his random arrows will hit you; for, however blunt or poorly feathered it may be, it is sure to reach its mark, if wafted and guided by the laughter of those present. You can neither retort rudeness when it comes from such a quarter, nor resent an insult, without incurring the imputation of a sudden and captious temper. Your only refuge is, to adopt a forcible phrase of the vulgar, "to grin and bear it." You may resolve at the moment within yourself to cane the professed wit the first time you catch him alone; but, before long, you laugh at yourself for being angry with a fool—a Harlequin of society, who is suffered to cut up his antics, crack his traditionary jests, and even thrust his cap and bells in your face, exciting nothing less than a smile of derision.

Of these pretended votaries of Momus there are many. They differ in kind and degree. Some are public, and they shine at great dinners; some are convivial, and they dazzle at small suppers; some are legal, and they coruscate in the courts; some are medical, and they make merry of disease and death; some are clerical, and they torture texts for the diversion of the brethren; and some are domestic, and they are excruciatingly funny about everything, and thought the world of at home, and abominated everywhere else—of whom, I have endeavored to describe a specimen under his accorded title, "The Wit of the Family."

"SONG OF THE SLEIGH-RIDERS."

BY DAVID RICE, M. D.

I.

Ho! merry lads and lasses, heigho!
The hills and vales are covered with snow;
The sun went down last night to his rest,
In a hazy bed, in the distant west;
And as the bell in the church struck nine,
The Northern Lights did brightly shine:
The rivulet's murmur came so clear,
I knew that the precious snow was near

II.

The sun is up, and shining bright,
And the ground is deck'd in garments white;
The pine-boughs tremble, beneath their load
Of feath'ry snow, by the turnpike road;
So rouse, merry lads and lasses all,
Hasten with speed to my welcome call;
My steed is fast to the dancing sleigh,
The bells are ringing, so come away!

III.

Ho! merry lads and lasses, heigho!
Come toss with your hands the alban snow,
With the bells' shrill music join your song,
And the echoes wake as we glide along
Over the hill and over the plain,
To the mountain's top, and down again;
The skies are bright, and the breezes play,
My steed is neighing, so haste away!

IV.

O tell me not of your vernal bowers,
Nor of Summer's gay and sunny hours,
Nor even of Autumn's golden sheen,
For Winter's the merrier time I ween;
So put my steed to the dancing sleigh,
The bells are ringing, and we'll away,
To leave our songs, on the winter gale,
As we dash away over hill and dale.

THE REMEMBERED SONG.

Music by Herrman S. Saroni.

Poetry by M. A. Vaselli.

Andante.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. It begins with a half note Bb, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, and a half note Bb. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It begins with a half note Bb, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, and a half note Bb. The piece is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right staff and piano accompaniment in the left staff. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "There's a song she sung last night— An old fa-mil - iar". The piano accompaniment in the left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody in the right staff and piano accompaniment in the left staff. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are: "strain, That sunk in - to my heart, And brought back the past a-". The piano accompaniment in the left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, continuing the harmonic support.

THE REMEMBERED SONG.

gain; I would I could re - mem - ber The words, the mourn-ful

air, . . . Which her sweet sad voice breath'd forth Like a

plaint of sad des - pair.

2 It hovers round my heart,
It fills my soul with light;
Would I call it to my lips,
It is flown in wild delight.

Nay! 'tis here: list! the mournful strain
Which my heart's deep feeling stirs;
Nay! 'tis gone; 'twill ne'er be sung
By another voice than hers.

EDITORIAL.

OUR SECOND NUMBER.—We are highly gratified that through the admirable articles of our gifted contributors, the great ability with which our artists have acquitted themselves, the mechanical skill of our excellent printers, and the liberal expenditure of the publisher, we are enabled to present our Magazine for the second time, before our already numerous patrons, with a richness of beauty and variety, that cannot fail to secure for it a welcome acceptance. With our numerous and splendid embellishments, original music, and list of eminent contributors, no person of common intelligence can deny that we keep our promise of progressive improvement upon the contents of our beautiful first number. Our readers will notice that the design for one of our steel engravings, the conspiracy meeting of André and Arnold, is by Mr. Stearns, one of our excellent young artists, whose pictures give great promise of future eminence. This mezzotint is the production of A. H. Ritchie, and is of a character to claim the admiration of every lover of art. The designs for the wood engravings are by Paul P. Duggan, Esq., whose correct anatomical knowledge, minute acquaintance with the theory of the art, and practical illustration of skill as a painter, have been recently acknowledged by the public authorities appointing him to the Professorship of Drawing, in the Free Academy of this city. A similar honor, we understand, has been offered him by the Trustees of Girard College. The design for the other steel engraving, is by T. H. Matteson, whose name alone would be a sufficient guarantee for its excellence. The incident chosen for illustration by the artist, is related by Mrs. E. F. Ellet, in her recently published work, the "Women of the Revolution." The engraving of this picture is in the first style, by Alfred Jones, Esq., whose works have already secured for him a prominent position as an artistic engraver. We also present the second of our series of illustrations of the Life of Washington. This is the production of Messrs. Leslie and Travers, and will compare favorably with the best wood engravings executed abroad.

FINE ARTS.

Since the publication of our January number, the Art Union has held its Annual Meeting, and distributed its prizes. Cole's pictures went to Binghampton, to a journeyman printer, it is said, who will, we doubt not, (for printers are invariably right sensible men), appreciate his noble prize. There is a rumor about, that they will be re-purchased by the Art Union, for distribution a second time; we hope, however, that this is without foundation, and that the Society will not so far forget the principles for which it was established, as to introduce a precedent for the re-purchase of any of its prizes, in this way making the money more of an object with the subscribers than the interests of Art. If the successful prizewinner wishes, let him sell his picture, that is a matter of choice, with which no one is concerned but himself, but don't let the Art Union buy it thus, at second-hand; let their money go to its proper destination, the pockets of the artists who work for it. The success of the Institution is most flattering to the prospects of Art in this country; its subscription has exceeded by about 4000 that of the London Art Union for the last year, and is far in advance of the other similar societies in this country, which, however, promise well, though as yet only in their infancy. They need to take example by the liberal policy adopted here; they may be assured of a rich harvest if they will but push the matter fearlessly among the people. The extraordinary success that has attended the American Art Union is mainly to be attributed to the free gallery, open both day and evening; the appointment of travelling agents and collectors, and to a judicious system of

advertising. Such measures we would recommend to the Western Art Union, whose second Annual distribution took place in November last, at Cincinnati. The annual report was an interesting document; though somewhat too much abounding in the customary self-glorification that we seem to feel to be an absolute necessity in every public address from the 4th of July oration to the after-dinner speech. The most gratifying part of it was the representation of the flourishing condition of the institution. The subscribers numbered over a thousand, being a gain of fifty per cent over last year. Among these were distributed fifty-four paintings and fifty busts; not a few of these were by artists of reputation, and gave good assurance of the excellent good taste of the purchasing Committee. The drawing of the Philadelphia Art Union took place earlier in the season, but did not present so favorable a report. This multiplication of such societies is an evidence of how great has been the benefit they have already conferred upon Art in this country; they have created, fostered and encouraged a taste for pictures, which will one day take a higher character than it has yet attained, and we shall then produce works here that we doubt not will equal those of any age or any country. Elevate the standard of taste, and Art will soon reach to it; it will be found equal to whatever requirements may be made upon it.

The exhibition of Delaroche's great picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," has closed, and we regret to say, without profit to the artist. That such a noble work as this should have been so little appreciated, reflects little credit upon the taste of our citizens; we can only suppose that it is too much in advance of the time. We have not yet learned to love the beauty of simplicity; a little tinsel and clap-trap must be still mixed with the better qualities to make a work of Art popular, except with the judicious few. We predict a far more successful career to the pictures of Adam and Eve, by Dubuffe, which have taken its place at the Exhibition Rooms of the National Academy of Design. These pictures, which some fifteen years ago were visited by thousands, the most successful Art exhibition that ever took place in this country, are again brought before the public; but we hope, for the sake of pure and correct taste, with not quite that extraordinary success that attended them before. Through such works as these Art is degraded, the ideal and the beautiful is lost in the sensual, and the more attractive the subject, the greater the evil. We are little inclined to squeamishness in these matters; but against all exhibitions of the merely nude, where no elevated thought, no lofty purpose is developed, we feel ourselves bound to protest.

Our artists are preparing themselves for the opening of the Spring Exhibition. Mr. Huntington has in progress a large picture of "The Marys at the Sepulchre," which promises to be more in the manner of his best works than anything he has done since "Mercy's Dream." Mr. Durand has some fine landscapes now upon his easel. Among the younger artists, Mr. Matteson has just finished a capital domestic picture of country life, we hardly know the name, but the story is told by the painting.—A young girl has fallen asleep over her work, her head is thrown back against the wall, and a pair of cherry lips are most provokingly exposed to a young fellow who views the tempting prize, "letting I dare not, wait upon I would," but the old folks in the back-ground are too close at hand to be disturbed in such a way, with impunity. Poor fellow! no wonder his mouth waters and his knees shake. The picture will much enhance the reputation of the artist, since it displays an immense improvement in the execution, as well as study in the composition. Mr. Stearns

has just commenced his picture "The Marriage of Washington." Mr Rossiter's large work, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," has, we believe, gone South for exhibition. Mr. White is engaged upon two subjects from the life of Luther, which bid fair to exceed all he has hitherto done, and will doubtless be very prominent features of the Academy Exhibition in the ensuing Spring. Mr. Kensett has in progress some excellent landscapes, the fruits of his summer studies.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

FOOTPRINTS. By R. H. STODDARD. New York: Spaulding & Stoddard. 48 pp. 8vo.

This is the modest title of a slender volume of *true* poetry by one of our esteemed contributors. We would gladly transcribe several of the poems, did our space allow, in order that the reader might appreciate the beauty and grace of the author's verse. But as this number contains a delightful contribution from the poet, we would recommend those who are pleased with it, to peruse this little collection as they will be sure to find something to admire on every page.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN—his Autobiography; with a narrative of his public life and services. By the Rev. H. HASTINGS WELD, with numerous designs by J. G. Chapman. New York: Harper & Brothers. Part 1—to be completed in eight parts.

This is the first part of a splendid pictorial life of the great American sage and statesman, which promises to be in all respects worthy of the fame of the distinguished "patriot, printer, and philosopher." His autobiography has been pronounced, by eminent literary men, the most valuable of his miscellaneous productions, and the most interesting work of its class in our language. The narrative of his public life and services by Mr. Weld, judging from the tone of the preface and the headings of the chapters, will do much to secure a more general appreciation of this gifted man, not only as a philosophical and humane benefactor, but also as a powerful statesman, who labored honestly and incessantly for his country. This part is embellished with more than seventy excellent engravings from designs by Chapman. It is printed on excellent paper, with that beauty of mechanical execution which characterizes the works issued by the enterprising publishers.

HISTORY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of the series of brief but graphic histories, which are in the course of publication, by this author, with a view of engaging and impressing the youthful mind. Mr. Abbott writes in that free, vigorous style, which never fails to charm the young. This volume is peculiarly interesting; like a work of romance, it is filled on every page with exciting incidents and thrilling descriptions. It is impossible to estimate the vast amount of good these works will produce, by exciting a taste for historical and instructive reading among the youth. This, like "The History of Mary Queen of Scots," and "The History of Charles I. of England," is beautifully gotten up, and embellished with an illuminated title-page and several engravings. The series is worth an extensive circulation.

OUTLINES OF A NEW SYSTEM OF PHYSIOGNOMY; Illustrated by numerous engravings, indicating the signs of the different Mental Faculties. By J. W. REDFIELD, M. D. New York: J. S. Redfield.

The correspondence between the character and the extensive developments has been the subject of remark by sophists for centuries; yet so little has been done toward the classification of physiognomic observations, that the system is regarded as rather a gilded plaything for theorists, than one of the natural sciences. The only progress effected toward the embodiment of these external indications of character into a science, was by Lavater, whose intuitive perception of mental differ-

ences and characteristic enthusiasm, rendered him peculiarly adapted for the work to which he applied himself; yet we do not know but the publication of his system did more injury to the science he espoused than benefit, for the reason that his localities of traits of character in the features, are seldom confirmed by experience. Thus but little of reliable information has been collected by previous observers in Physiognomy.

The little work before us proposes a new system, which evinces great research and considerable powers of discrimination, on the part of the author; and should more extensive observation prove the correctness of his theory, much will have been done in establishing Physiognomy as a science. We would recommend this book to the perusal of all who take an interest in the advances made in the natural sciences. It is written in a lucid, perspicuous style, and illustrated by good outline engravings of eminent men, whose distinguished features of character are well known to the public.

GUIDE TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE; or What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid, What Exercise to take, &c. &c. By ROBERT JAMES CULVERWELL, M. D. New York: J. S. Redfield.

This is one of that class of works we generally regard with suspicion; but we are glad to find it a worthy exception, and that it contains a mass of valuable information upon the means of avoiding the excipients of disease, and interesting directions for preserving health, and securing longevity.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vol 1. 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume of this work has reached us. We have only time to acknowledge its receipt, and announce its appearance. In our next number we shall have something to say about its merit.

THE HAUNTED MAN, AND THE GHOST'S BARGAIN. A fancy for Christmas time. By CHARLES DICKENS. 8vo., pp. 34. Price 6½ cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Christmas story by "Boz." We regret we have not time to read it before this number must go to press.

OUR EDITORIAL BRETHERN will please accept our thanks for the very favorable manner in which they have noticed our Magazine. We are determined to do all that enterprise, zeal, and energy can accomplish, to merit a continuance of their approval and kindly greetings. No efforts will be spared to secure the engagement of the brightest intellect in the country, as an aid to our labor of elevating the standard of literature and arts, and securing a high position in public estimation.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM EUROPEAN WRITERS.

With this number we open a field new to American Journalism:—the publication of writings contributed for the METROPOLITAN by men of genius and fame on the other side the Atlantic. Arrangements have been made, which will enable us to offer our readers, every month, the choicest gems of the noblest minds of the world. Coming from men and women of various parties and nations, they may be characterized by peculiarities of opinion; but each writer will be considered responsible for his own sentiments, we according liberty to all.

We have already in our possession, original poems from the lamented L. E. L., and Campbell, and from Tupper, Beattie, Wordsworth, Montgomery, and other illustrious British writers, whose names have become household words in every part of America. But we are not restricted to the British Islands. We have contributions from many of the best writers on the continent of Europe, with musical compositions (never published), from Strauss and Paganini.

We hope by this new step to accomplish several very desirable objects.

First, to bind the hearts of the friends of literature and rational liberty on both sides the ocean more firmly together; and thus enlarge the area of enlightened sympathy between the noble and the great, who in every part of the world are now laboring and looking for a better age.

Second, we shall pay a liberal price for all these contributions, and the proceeds will be appropriated to the establishment of a Literary Fund, which shall be an associate of the Royal Literary Fund of London, in whose establishment our own FRANKLIN assisted, and which has relieved so many gifted men in adversity. We cannot fully unfold the plan of which we speak in the present number; but we shall refer to it on other occasions. For the present we can find no better language for the expression of our sentiment, than the gifted author of "Proverbial Philosophy" uses in a beautiful letter to one of our authors, in allusion to a project of this kind which he suggested in a speech at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London, last year. He says:—

"Enough: let me address myself, without further preamble, to the practical good errand of your speech, wherewith, after the manner of an epigram, you wisely wound it up.

"Authorship is a free-masonry, a common citizenship of no mean city; a sacred brotherhood, a separate people. Guizot and Bancroft and Hallam and Sismondi are of one; Willis and James are brethren; Longfellow and Wordsworth and Chateaubriand belong to the same family of immortals. Now, I don't wish to write fine sentences, so will cut these phrases short: I wish only to express good sense and reasonable charity, in thus heartily seconding your literary proposition. 'Nothing,' as you truly say, 'sanctifies all our better feelings so much as doing good together;' nothing can so unite mother and child, nor so efface past ill-will, and possibly, prevent alienation, as the union, in one holy bond of charity, of your and our literary aristocracies. Let us, as you well-proposed, unite as one in relieving, with all delicacy and wisdom, the children of poverty and learning, without whom earth were a desert. You will not misunderstand the word 'Aristocracy.' I mean thereby, no worldly superiorities, but only the truer excellency of good works, good influences, and good fame, which (under God's blessing) rewards even the one talent well and wisely stewarded. The 'well done, good and faithful servant,' uttered providentially to successful authorship, and secretly warning the conscientious heart—this is the only aristocracy I dream of, among literary brethren.

"Let such men, and all who love their writings, aid in the good work which is the end and object of our Literary Fund Society. For yourselves, if you will, commence an independent charity on similar principles; or better still, join us in our mundane distribution. We recognize no other qualification in those whom we relieve, than honest poverty and the authorship of some right-minded publication; there is no exclusiveness as to race, no sectarianism as to religion—but in all things we are Catholic. Come along then, with us, and let us help our poorer brethren together. So, to use your own just image, demonstrating to the world, that however other matters may claim other forms of government, Literature is essentially a Republic.

"I write this letter with three noisy children in the room, so you must not expect coherence, but have the charity to gather my meaning, as best you can: It is, I echo your sentiment, and honor your having propounded it. Let the good idea speedily produce good fruit, such as you suggested; let us find a goodly band of American authors joining us in the good work, and depend on it, no diplomatic scheme for the union of the great Anglo-Saxon nations can be imagined half as efficacious."

Such are the noble sentiments that are beating in the hearts of the scholars of the Old and the New world. Here is common ground where we all can meet.

We introduce these contributions with a spirited, true-hearted poem, by MARTIN F. TUPPER.

SELF-POSSESSION.

Whirling, eddying, ebbing Present,
Foamy tide of strife and noise,
Mingled-bitter, mingled-pleasant,
Loves and sorrows, cares and joys,
O, ye changing chancing surges!
Calmly doth my mind forecast
How your restless spirit merges
In the Future, and the Past

Lo, I stand your master-pilot!
Though the cataracts be near,
Safe I swing round rock or islet
Strong and still and god-like Here:
Stout I stand, and sway the tiller
Through these rapids, glancing down,
While the very flood flows stiller
Frozen by my monarch frown!

O'er the rock-entangled shallows
Staunch I steer adown the stream,
And the Past the Present hallows
With its melancholy dream,—
And the Future, nearing surely,
Like Niagara's cliff ahead,
Steadily I reach, securely
As a child that feels no dread.

Yea! though earth be torn asunder,
—Or the secret heart be vexed;
Though with elemental thunder
—Or by petty cares perplexed,—
Still I stand, and rule the riot!
Still my deep calm soul is blest
With its own imperial quiet,
The sublimity of Rest.

For, a staunch and stalwart true man,
Fearing God, and more beside,
Nothing more, nor less, than human,
Nothing human can betide,
That may disenthroned a spirit
Born to reign in time's decay,
Grandly fated to inherit
Endless peace in endless day!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

The following sketch is contributed by JOHN GEORGE HARDING, B.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, England. His name is nearly unknown to our literary world; and we feel pride and pleasure in introducing the learned and philosophical writer to our readers.

WINTER'S NIGHT.—A SKETCH.

The soldiers of darkness encompassed the vale,
With the banners of night on the breath of the gale!
See! winter and midnight are ruling supreme
O'er the waves of the prairie, the lake and the stream;
There's chill in the valley, and snow on the mountain,
With frost on the forest, and ice by the fountain,
All dark are the clouds as the tempests roll by,
Not a moon in the sphere, not a star in the sky!
In the garb of the snow-storm is nature's domain,
The streets of the city, the stores of the swain;
Who gazed on the glen might not tell from that view,
The waste from the vale, where the yellow corn grew;
Where the shriek of the bittern was borne on the blast,
Or the track where the wain of the husbandman
passed,
As well might you learn from the sycophant's smile
What the heart of the smiler was brooding the while.
Still falling the sleet, but it fell on the ground,
With the silence of death when he marches around;
The cattle were housed in their straw-pillowed shed,
And mammon is resting his care-throbbing head:
O would that his dreams were as dreams of a child
On the breast of its mother, to slumber beguiled,
E'er the light may awake him to joy or to sorrow,
And it mar or make good the hopes of the morrow!

DECEMBER, 1848.

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.
—The January number is now before us, and comes up fully to all the promises of the publisher. It contains a profusion of embellishments, executed with great taste and skill; and the distinguished names standing at the head of its original articles are a sufficient guarantee that they are written with marked ability, and will amply repay a perusal. We trust and believe that the publisher will not be disappointed in his expectation, that there is, in this country, enough love for American literature, to secure him a liberal patronage.—*The Mississippian, City of Jackson, Miss.*

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.
—The above is the title of a new and elegant Monthly Magazine, published in the City of New York, by Israel Post (than whom a better getter-up of a Literary Magazine does not exist), and edited by William Landon, a gentleman well known as a talented literary writer. The present number is neatly executed, and is illustrated with no less than nine pictorial embellishments of the highest order.—*Fulton Democrat, Johnstown, N. Y.*

THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN.—Israel Post, of New York, who has a way peculiar to himself of getting up such things, has sent us the first number of a monthly Magazine with the above title. It is a gem of the first water, judging from a cursory glance at its contents. Indeed, the names of its contributors are sufficient security for this: Mrs. Child, Embury, Stephens, Osgood, Ellet, Campbell; Misses Sedgwick, Gould, and Brown; J. T. Headley, Lester, Brougham, &c., constitute an array of literary talent, than which a brighter cannot be found. In predicting success for the Metropolitan, our prediction is as expressive of our wishes as of our belief.—*Sentinel, Springfield, Mass.*

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THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN.—This new and splendid Monthly, the first number for

January, 1859, was received a few days since from the publisher, Israel Post, 259 Broadway, N. Y. This Magazine has been got up in a magnificent style, and it deserves a high regard upon the centre tables of our fair readers. It is edited by William Landon, and has besides a host of literary contributors of the highest reputation. Its embellishments are rich and costly—"Miss Langston Shielding her Father" from the "bloody-scout" men, a graphic scene of the Revolution; "Jacob Jones, the Juvenile delinquent;" "Washington, the hero arbitrator," and five others, making nine engravings, each of which is illustrative of a good story.—*American Whig, Taunton, Mass.*

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THE AMERICAN METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, edited by William Landon, is a new Monthly published by Israel Post, the indefatigable publisher (who has ushered more magazines into public favor than any other man, we believe, in the country), has just made its appearance. In execution and beauty and elegance of embellishments, it steps into the foremost rank, while its contributors, who seem to have been carefully selected from the first men of our country, attest the high character it must undoubtedly bear in this respect.—*Northern Journal, Lowell, N. Y.*

The publisher of this Magazine is considered as one of the most perfect magazine makers in the Union, and this new one shows that his former experience in this line has not been lost upon him. There are some features about this Magazine worthy of notice. It is strictly American—all original—the illustrations are illustrative of the text from designs made expressly for it. It contains the commencement of a series of articles from the powerful pen of Rev. J. T. Headley, forming a life of Washington, to be completed in twelve numbers, and each one illustrated by a steel engraving. The number before us is the first, and is embellished with three steel engravings, six wood engravings, and a piece of music. The contents are really excellent.—*Clarion, Sandusky, Ohio.*

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